Saturday Review

APRIL 18, 1959 / 25¢

ARE WE AS RIGHT AS WE THINK?

By Norman Thomas

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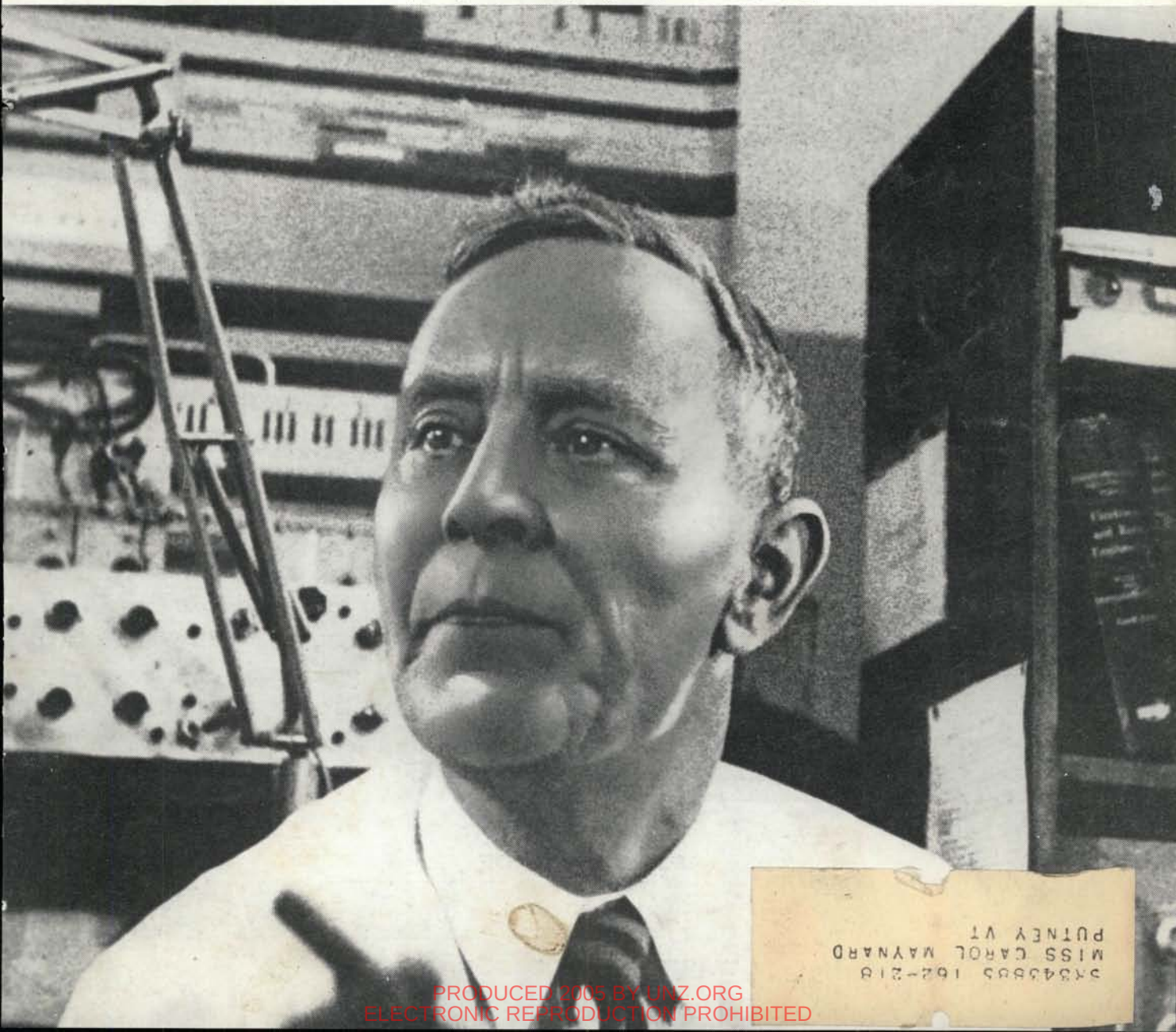

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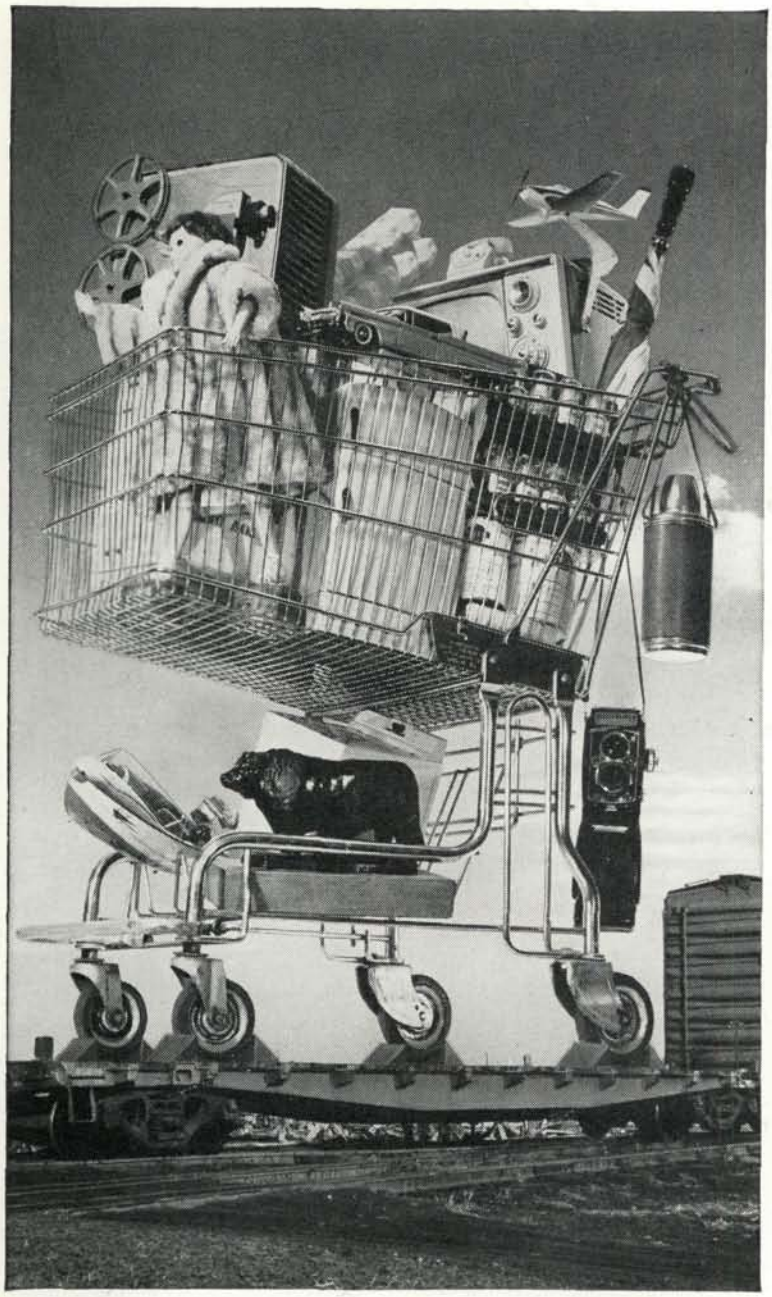
How to have a boom without a bottleneck



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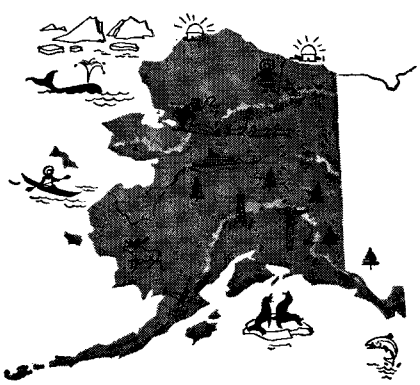

More than twice the size of Texas, Alaska was purchased for less than two cents an acre. Has since yielded nearly 100 times its purchase price in gold output alone. The 49th state is also rich in oil, minerals, lumber, fish, and furs.

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WORKING FOR PROGRESS

there's more to Cities Service than meets the eye!

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Moreover, it is a job which will continue to grow, a fact progressive oil companies recognize in their planning. In the past two years, for example, Cities Service has spent more than $350 million building for the future.

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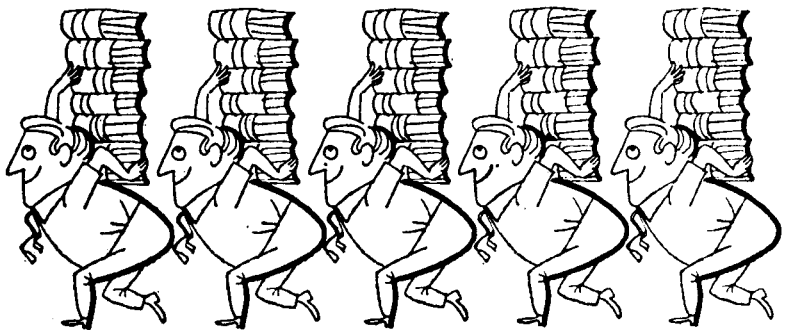

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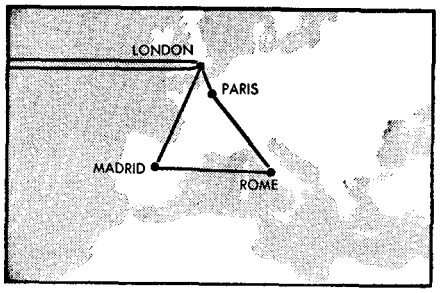

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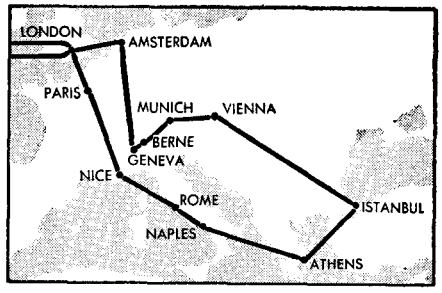

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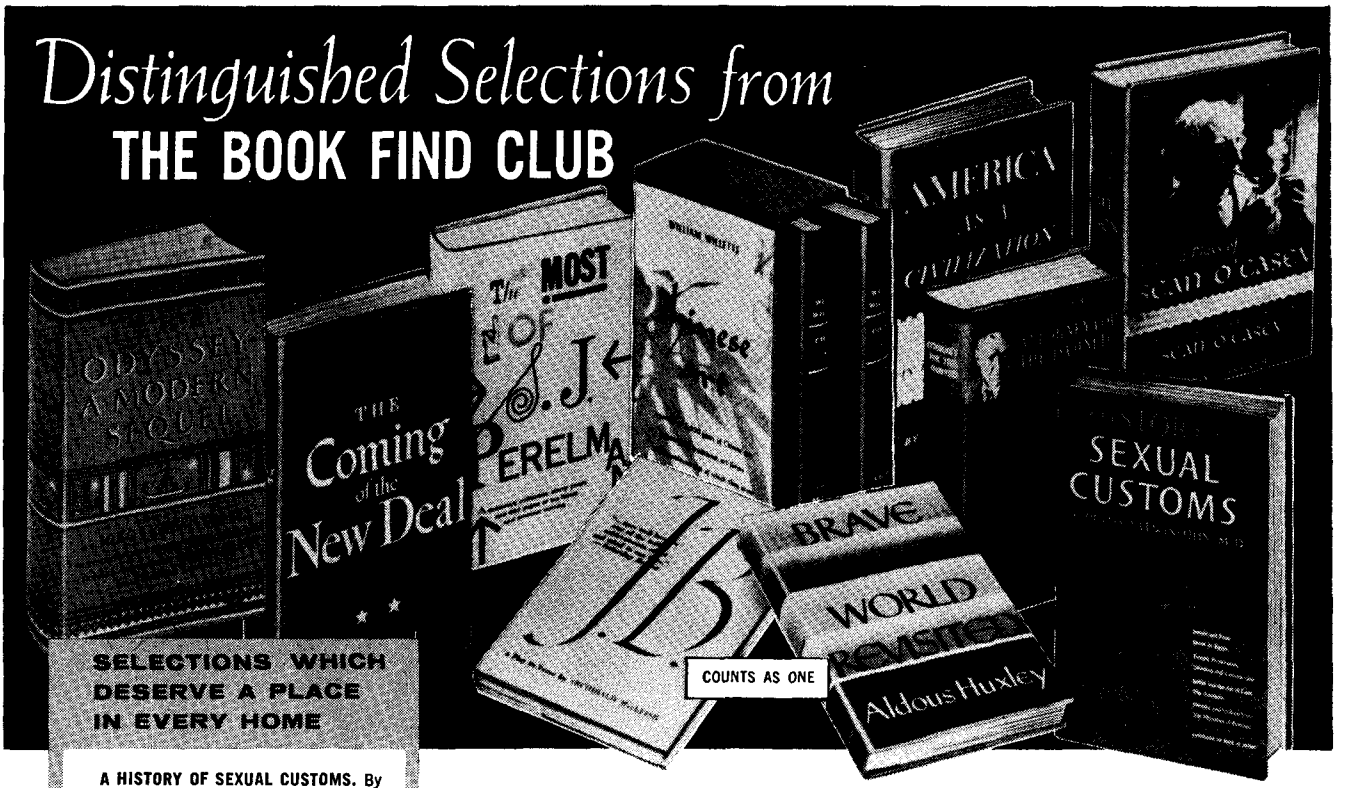

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TRADE Winds

FROM THE DEPTHS OF Africa comes a rapid succession of cannibal stories, reported by Clara Urquhart, an associate of Albert Schweitzer in Lambarene:

► On his very first visit, a cannibal was immediately diagnosed by his psychiatrist: "You are fed up with people."

► Number one best-seller in cannibal country: "How to Serve Your Fellow Man."

► A cannibal chief had trouble with a choice meal cooking on his broiler and asked a witch doctor for advice. "Does he have a round white collar and a black frock?" asked the witch doctor.

"No," said the chief. "He's got a shaved head with a circle of hair, a long brown cassock, and sandals."

"Oh, no wonder," said the witch doctor. "He's not a broiler. He's a friar."

► A beautiful blonde was about to be put in the boiling pot. The chief's messenger came running up in a panic.

"Hold everything!" he yelled. "The chief wants to have his breakfast in bed this morning."

FROM MINERSVILLE, Pennsylvania, comes news of a movement designed to correct serious deficiencies in the language. Heading the crusade is Bill Murphy, who writes:

"If we have hardships, we should be allowed 'softships' to counteract them. Handicaps should not be all-encompassing. What about 'footicaps'? Or 'headicaps'? Outlines are all very well, but 'inlines' might also be helpful. Who opposes the righteous? Obviously, the 'lefteous'? *Variety*, the pillar of show business, is constantly talking about 'niteries,' but fails to mention 'dairies.' Lexicographers of the world: arise!"

Life membership is open to anyone sending in similar protests.

RICK FREDERICKS, of *The New York Times*, has developed a game in the wake of Jules Feiffer's impudent book, "Sick, Sick, Sick."

"There will be many varied editions to follow," he writes. "The wine tasters will, of course, publish 'Sec, Sec, Sec,' while in India, there is no question that the edition will be known as "Sikh, Sikh, Sikh.'

"The garden clubs will bring out an edition 'Sickle, Sickle, Sickle,' to say nothing of the Philosophers' Union, which is bound to come along with 'Seek, Seek, Seek.' "

OUR VISIT TO THE penthouse of the Warwick recently was for the purpose of exploring the buzz around publishing circles that Milton Berle had written a serious novel.

We were greeted effusively at the door by Mr. Berle, and accused him bluntly of spreading an impossible rumor. One scotch and one declined cigar later we were certain that both Berle and his collaborator, John Roeburt, had not only written a serious novel, but were serious about it. The title is "Earthquake," and it will be published in April by Random House, which is mighty serious about it also. Not only that, the manuscript reached the top editorial planners at Random House as an *anonymous* novel because the co-authors felt that the book should be judged solely on its merits. It was—and the acceptance was completed on that basis.

An hour's talk with the authors convinced us that this was no laughing matter for either Berle or Roeburt. For months, Roeburt chased Berle around the night-club circuit, working on scenes and chapters in drafty dressing rooms and road-show hotels. When Berle reached the West Coast, they batted out their pages and exchanged them over long distance phone to the tune of $5,000 worth of phone bills.

In spite of his heavy schedule, Berle reads an average of a book a week, is well-versed in modern fiction, and his favorites are O'Hara, Weidman, Shute, and James Jones.

"My main trouble is," he said, "that people will think of me as a clown who walks on the sides of his shoes talking about the funny thing that happened on the way to the studio. I've got plenty of serious thoughts, and I hope the reviewers will give us an objective appraisal. That's all we could ask."

ANOTHER AUTHOR who has switched fields is Richard Powell, whose two books, "The Philadelphian" and "Pioneer, Go Home!" have received major critical accolades. Not too long ago, he resigned as a vice-president of the N. W. Ayer advertising agency to become a full-fledged, free-lance writer.

"The problem I had was that both the job and the writing were getting better at the same time. Something had to give. This can wear you out

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if you don't watch out," he told us.

"As I've written in 'Pioneer, Go Home!'—there's a heavy tendency today to deify security. Some people believe if you get it, you're happy. Actually, it's the pursuit of it that is important."

FROM PENNSYLVANIA ALSO is Edmund Schiddel, whose novel, "The Devil in Bucks County," is spiraling up the best-seller lists. He is faced with the problem of a lot of ugly glances from his fellow residents in Bucks County, who feel that he has maligned its good name.

"Actually, I'm in love with the place, in spite of what anybody says. Sure, the book is a little lusty in places, but only because it's a general commentary on contemporary life. Of course, there *is* some local color thrown in, and I guess this is where the complaints come from. One elderly lady had the book read *to* her, so that she could say in all honesty she hadn't read it. But I think you have to say that Bucks County is a pretty tolerant place. They even put up with me—after the book came out."

IN THE WAKE of Courtlandt Gilmour's game of putting the wrong book in the right category, Mrs. E. M. Bowman writes from Randolph-Macon College:

"Put 'Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House' under Architecture. John Hersey's 'A Single Pebble' under Geology. Put 'Please Don't Eat the Daisies' under Nutrition. Put Françoise Sagan's 'A Certain Smile' under the desk!"

A YOUNGSTER WE KNOW, suffering from punctuation problems in his grammar class, sent a letter to one of his thirteen-year-old contemporaries with the following at the bottom: „„„ ????? ..... """""" ;;;;;

He concluded the letter: "Please insert any of the above wherever they seem to fit." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1307)

OLIVER HALE:

THE DOMESTICS

Cat:
He moves like conscious history,
small king no age can disenthrone . . .
Dog:
His master's face displaces the true
sun, and round it in adoration he
moves tirelessly. . . .
Horse:
On those bearing shoulders that men
ride, poets set wings and song its
mark.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

HUSBANDS, ANYONE?

It has been alleged that coeds go to college for the sole purpose of finding husbands. This is, of course, an infamous canard, and I give fair warning that, small and spongy as I am, anybody who says such a dastardly thing when I am around had better be prepared for a sound thrashing!

Girls go to college for precisely the same reasons as men do: to broaden their horizons, to lengthen their vistas, to drink at the fount of wisdom. But if, by pure chance, while a girl is engaged in these meritorious pursuits, a likely looking husband should pop into view, why, what's wrong with that? Eh? What's wrong with that?

The question now arises, what should a girl look for in a husband? A great deal has been written on this subject. Some say character is most important, some say background, some say appearance, some say education. All are wrong.

The most important thing—bar none—in a husband is health. Though he be handsome as Apollo and rich as Croesus, what good is he if he just lies around all day accumulating bedsores?

The very first thing to do upon meeting a man is to make sure he is sound of wind and limb. Before he has a chance to sweet-talk you, slap a thermometer in his mouth, roll back his eyelids, yank out his tongue, rap his patella, palpate his thorax, ask him to straighten out a horseshoe with his teeth. If he fails these simple tests, phone for an ambulance and go on to the next prospect.

If, however, he turns out to be physically fit, proceed to the second most important requirement in a husband. I refer to a sense of humor.

A man who can't take a joke is a man to be avoided. There are several simple tests to find out whether your prospect can take a joke or not. You can, for example, slash his tires. Or burn his "Mad" comics. Or steal his switchblade. Or turn loose his pet raccoon. Or shave his head.

After each of these good-natured pranks, laugh gaily and shout "April Fool!" If he replies, "But this is February nineteenth," or something equally churlish, cross him off your list and give thanks you found out in time.

But if he laughs silverly and calls you "Little minx!" put him to the next test. Find out whether he is kindly.

The quickest way to ascertain his kindliness is, of course, to look at the cigarette he smokes. Is it mild? Is it clement? Is it humane? Does it minister tenderly to the psyche? Does it coddle the synapses? Is it a good companion? Is it genial? Is it bright and friendly and full of dulcet pleasure from cockcrow till the heart of darkness?

Is it, in short, Philip Morris?

If Philip Morris it be, then clasp the man to your bosom with hoops of steel,

for you may be sure that he is kindly as a summer breeze, kindly as a mother's kiss, kindly to his very marrow.

And now, having found a man who is kindly and healthy and blessed with a sense of humor, the only thing that remains is to make sure he will always earn a handsome living. That, fortunately, is easy. Just enroll him in engineering.

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* * *

For filter smokers the Philip Morris Company makes Marlboro, the cigarette with better "makin's." New improved filter and good rich flavor. Soft pack or flip-top box. A lot to like!

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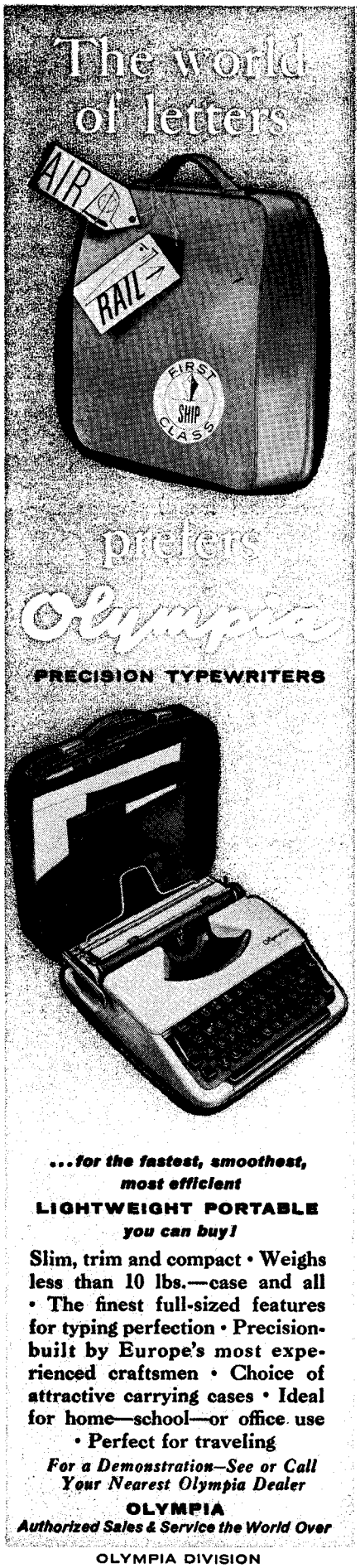
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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

BILLING, SCHMILLING . . .
(A Parable for Showfolk)

(The scene is a vaudeville street drop.)
(Enter Ham and Eggs, in old vaudeville tramp costumes.)

HAM: I don't want to hear any more about it! We've been Ham and Eggs for years, and that's the way it's going to stay.

EGGS: But it's not fair! Ham and Eggs. Ham and Eggs! All the time we've been together! Why shouldn't it be Eggs and Ham? I'm just as important as you are. Why should I take second billing all the time!

HAM: Look! We've had a great run as Ham and Eggs—we've played every restaurant in the country with that billing and we've always been a hit. People wouldn't dream of asking for Eggs and Ham. It just doesn't sound right.

EGGS: It doesn't sound right because you don't want to change—that's why.

HAM: I want to do what's best for the act—you know that. We've been a hit for three hundred years—ever since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. And that Mrs. Williams put us together because she was short of frying pans.

EGGS: But it's the Eggs that people really want. Ham is just sort of something that comes along with them.

HAM: Then why have I been up there first all this time? It's the public that decides. I've been first because they think of me first. Ham is the backbone of the act.

EGGS: I know where Ham comes from, thank you. And I tell you it's *Eggs* that draws 'em in, every time.

HAM: But once they're in it's Ham that holds 'em there—gives them something to chew on.

EGGS: Just try advertising Ham alone some time—see how far you get. But put Eggs up there alone and they'd still come in. Besides, there are always two of me and only one of you. I don't see why I always have to come second.

HAM: But you don't always come second! What about Eggs Benedict? You come first there.

EGGS: Just who the hell is Benedict? Nobody has ever heard of him.

HAM: Of course they have. What about Benedict Arnold? He's famous!

EGGS: Oh, that's just great! Benedict Arnold—that's who I come ahead of. Thank you very much. . . . Well, let me tell you this. I'm not just going to sit on that pan and take it any more. I've got something in mind and we'll see whether—

(A messenger boy enters. "Telegram for Mr. Eggs! Telegram for Mr. Eggs!")

EGGS: Here you are, boy!

(He rips open the message, eagerly) Listen to this —you think you're so smart.

(Reads)

"Hereby offer you senior billing on my act. Your name to come first on all restaurant fronts and menus."

(Signed)

BACON.

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

• • •

Who's on First?

SHORT STORY

IT IS not often that a person can look back on something he had written more than fifty years ago and find it good. My sister made a practice of preserving the early efforts of my teens and among these I found my first attempt at a short story. I think its concluding sentence is masterly. What puzzles me is that I can not remember just what effect I intended; possibly it was no more than to achieve the surprise ending which was fashionable around the turn of the century. And this I feel I did indeed accomplish.

I laid my story in a lumber camp in Michigan since I needed the presence of some rough and uncouth characters and there had to be a large body of water handy. My hero, named John, "got religion" at a revivalist meeting and had the courage to practice it openly in spite of the jibes of his profane comrades. His faith and fervency knew no limits.

The story ended when John and several companions were in a boat on Lake Michigan and caught in a horrendous storm. The other men were terrified at what seemed to be their approaching demise. I really do not know whether they lived or died,

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Saturday Review
APRIL 18, 1959

ARE WE AS RIGHT AS WE THINK?

Without ever having held high national elective office, Norman Thomas, now seventy-four, holds the role of an American elder statesman. That he should enjoy the respect and admiration of both conservatives and liberals is a reflection of his reputation for integrity and sagacity. He has been a public servant in the finest sense of the term; for almost half a century he has devoted himself to the making of a better America. He has been a Presidential candidate six times. Few men have given closer or more sustained scrutiny to national and international issues than he. In the following article, Mr. Thomas surveys the present foreign policy of the United States and our relationship to the world.

By NORMAN THOMAS

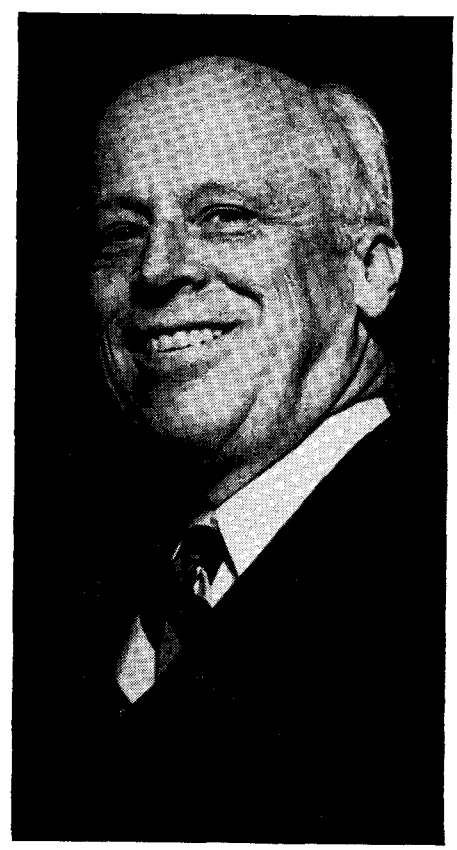
IN THE twilight of my life I find myself possessed not only of the profound hopes I have always held for my country but of deep and searing apprehensions. My hopes have grown out of my pride in being an American. My apprehensions have grown out of the swift changes that have occurred in recent years and what seems to me to be the inability of our nation to comprehend those changes and to fashion an adequate policy.

Perhaps the greatest change in our lifetime—and this may hold true for all of human history—has to do with the implications of nuclear energy. Atomic weapons, paradoxically, have shattered the institution of the military as a factor in national policy. If we want to serve the cause of freedom, protect the world against aggression, and lay the basis for a better world, it becomes necessary to devise means other than force or the threat of force.

My purpose in this article is to consider these new means. In order to do so I realize I must deal first of all with the fact of the Soviet Union.

It is not necessary for me to remind anyone that for more than a quarter of a century I have devoted much of my time and thought to combating the dangers of Communism. I have repeatedly scored the aggressive moves of the Soviet Union. There is much in our present policy of dealing with the Soviet Union that makes me doubt whether we are now as right as we think. We have shown a crying lack of moral imagination in coping with the challenge of Communism. We have failed to take advantage of certain significant changes that have taken place in the Soviet Union in recent years. I also believe that there are some basic issues where the interests of both the Russian and the American peoples come together. The most important of these issues is survival. It therefore becomes necessary to create a sober and realistic policy which seeks the acceptance of firm and enforceable obligations by both nations. I have detected certain openings in the policy of the present Soviet leaders that I believe it would be to our interest to pursue. Yet I fear that we have overlooked or ignored these openings. This failure has not contributed to the security of our nation. We have also taken part in various disarmament negotiations—more to placate world public opinion than to arrive at meaningful agreements.

In this nuclear age peace—at least in the sense of avoidance of a third



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Norman Thomas—"We have shown a crying lack of imagination . . ."

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world war—is the only hope of life for generations yet unborn. The indefinite continuance of the Cold War and the arms race leads to nuclear war, not peace. Even if its danger to our very existence were less, the Cold War is at this present time a terribly costly failure in terms of its own avowed purpose. It is not containing, much less overcoming Communism.

In the years of uneasy peace since 1945, I have found much to applaud in our emerging foreign policy—notably the Marshall Plan. I thought it immensely desirable to contain Communism—though often skeptical of certain tactics used in the effort. With a heavy heart I supported the U.N. and the U.S. in the Korean War. I was, from 1945 onward, a champion of disarmament, but of universal disarmament under a strengthened U.N., a goal I thought more likely to be achieved by America, given the circumstances of our time, from a position of military strength than weakness.

It is my conviction that the arms race and alliances committing us in the nuclear age to military support of nearly fifty nations, some of them on the very borders of the Soviet Union, is woefully failing in its avowed purpose of guaranteeing our security and strangling Communism by containment.

In the cost of this race to destruction must be included the billions we send or waste on military hardware for a miscellaneous lot of allies much of which—to Latin American dictators, for instance—is of no conceivable use for preventing or winning a war against the Soviet Union or Communist China. It is a kind of bribe to dictators or ineffective rulers who will use this aid if at all against their own people or their neighbors.

Part of the cost of the Cold War that we are already paying is in the genetic and somatic effects of radioactive fallout. Prof. Willard F. Libby, who has just resigned from the Atomic Energy Commission (on which he was the only scientist), has reported that the recent Russian tests would about double fallout.

To a great many Americans, some of them perchance to be found even among the readers of the *Saturday Review,* this indictment of the Cold War coming from an avowed Socialist will be suspect as, perhaps, will be his declared hostility to Communism. The Communism that now rules more than one-third of the world's inhabitants is actually a form of state capitalism in which the powers of all former owning classes have been gathered up in a dictatorial state by what Djilas calls "the new class"—the Communist Party. Its "people's democracy" may be government for the people so long as they are utterly docile; in no sense is it government by the people. To its opponents it offered only death or the slavery of horrible work camps.

"This," some of you will want to insist, "is the fault of the Russian dictatorship, the kind of thing that we must take into account in ordering our own policy. Did it not reject the Baruch proposal for international control of atomic energy? Is it not even now holding up the Geneva Conference on the ending of nuclear tests by its stubborn objections to a proper system of inspection?"

YES, but our American record is far from perfect. Here are a few facts. On May 10, 1955 Russian representatives on the U.N.'s Subcommittee on Disarmament accepted previous Western proposals for reduction of the size of conventional armies and some other matters so completely that the British delegate rejoiced that the Western "policy of patience" had "now achieved this welcome dividend, and that the proposals [of the West] have now been largely, and in some cases, entirely, adopted by the Soviet Union and made into its own proposals." On September 15th, the Western Powers withdrew the proposals which the Soviet had accepted.

At the end of the long drawn out London meeting of the U.N.'s Subcommittee on Disarmament in 1957, the Russians offered a suspension of tests under inspection. This was flatly rejected by the USA largely on the ground of the impossibility of adequate inspection. But the Americans offered a package proposal including the suspension of tests and other matters far more difficult of inspection. Some months later Washington agreed to the Geneva conference on the ending of tests which is now in session.

President Eisenhower, to his credit, has been concerned to start negotiations for control of activities in outerspace solely for peace and under the U.N. The Soviet Union at first insisted on tying up such negotiation with negotiation on abandonment of American bases surrounding the Soviet Union. (The Russians depend on intercontinental ballistic missiles travelling through the lower reaches of outerspace; we still count largely on bombers and shorter range missiles launched from those bases.) But at the 1958 session of the Assembly of the U.N., the Russian delegation withdrew its demand for the inclusion of bases and agreed to negotiate on control of outer space. But the Russians insisted on "parity" of representation on the small committee of the U.N., which they proposed. We would have gained ground by accepting the Russian proposal. In any case the issue must be settled by agreement of nuclear Powers, not by majority vote of the U.N. But Mr. Lodge, rejecting "parity," maneuvered through the Assembly the appointment of a large committee in the face of a Russian threat to boycott it. Thereby, undoubtedly on orders from Washing-

In Laws and Lust

By Herman Salinger

IN pungent scenes,
in laws and lust,
Imagination gloats and gleans
and barefoots through the dust.

And where the eye,
in drastic dream,
was fertile as an ovary,
I saw Flaubert, with infinite care,
dissecting Emma Bovary.

And Baudelaire was with Flaubert,
agape at her enormity.
Out popped the century's bug-a-bear:
the monster of conformity.

H. Beyle, J. Stuart Mill and Boz
now joined in prayer their varied voices
invoking all the arts of Oz
that God might save us from false choices.

Molecules of doubt proclaim
heart's death now with celerity.
We blush and scatter for our fame
neutrons of our sincerity.

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ton, he made opposition to "parity," at least as important as a beginning of establishing that international control of outer space only for peace which he had declared was essential to the life of mankind. What madness or what Machiavellian hypocrisy in pursuit of peace!

EVEN in the matter of the pollution of the atmosphere by the latest Russian tests of nuclear bombs it must be remembered that Khrushchev had proposed suspension at London; that later, after conducting tests bringing the Soviet total well under the Western, he had announced an end of Russian tests unless the West should continue them. We and the British went ahead with our elaborate series in 1958 closing off for the purpose great areas of ocean which we do not own. Only toward the end of those tests did the Soviet Union carry on the tests whose fallout may add so seriously to men's burden of disease.

While the nuclear arms race goes frantically on we move from crisis to crisis, none of them resolved as I write. The best that we can claim is that the precarious balance of terror which each side tries to tip to its advantage has stopped the development of crisis into major war. We can save West Berlin and our position in it, some Americans hope, because we are prepared to destroy civilization if not mankind rather than to yield.

To the Berlin crisis we shall return after we have explored the failure of our present policy to contain Communism. Since 1945, the Kremlin has made extraordinary gains in Russian power and the extension of Communism without using its great armies and armaments for military conquest. It did indeed outrageously use Russian force to hold Hungary, which it had thought Communism had won. (When I pointed out Russian crimes in Hungary to Arabs in the Middle East I was met by reference not only to the Franco-British attack on Egypt, but by the allegation that France in Algeria had killed and tortured more Algerians than Russia had Hungarians, crimes, they alleged, made possible, at least indirectly, by aid of American arms.) In winning its satellites the Kremlin first won for Communism a resolute minority of native Communists who could and did take over government. In European satellites Communist victories had to aid them the threat of Russian force. In China, Communism's greatest triumph was won by the Chinese without that aid. Communist progress in Western Europe was stopped, not by war but by the success of Western nations, greatly aided by the Marshall Plan in achieving a remarkable recovery from the destruction of the Great War. Elsewhere, Communism's victories have been won on the ideological and economic front.

I have seen something of Asia. Everywhere Communism was gaining increasing attention as the answer to national poverty and weakness. I heard little talk of fine points of Marxist-Leninist doctrine. The usual argument was simple. "Russia and even more truly China were countries like ourselves, poor and broken, at the mercy of the Powers you call democracies but which we call empires. Now look at their strength achieved through the discipline of Communism." To many of the numerous peoples without the Western experience of civil liberty, loss of a freedom never fully enjoyed seems a relatively small price to pay for national independence, industrialization, sanitation and education. And the popular conviction that by the powerful mystique of Communism their nations can rise is sweetened by the thought that in the process they can thumb their noses at their old masters, our allies, the French, the Dutch and to a less extent the British.

THIS is not to say that Communism has won the majority of the people in the emerging nations whose major passion is nationalism. I doubt if it could hold its power in China by a fair plebiscite especially since it is going farther and faster than Russia ever did in bringing peasants into communes with about as much regard for individuality as ant hills. Nevertheless, in China it has won, and in other Asian countries it seems to be winning, the support, often the dedicated support, of the kind of minority that from time to time has changed the face of history. The false moralism that sees in Communism only a criminal conspiracy to which the West can say nothing but *no*, and that primarily by military might, is a dangerous thing, especially because it tends to paralyze our desire or capacity to present alternatives to Communism in new nations where the gap between their economic strength and that of the West is widening not narrowing. It encourages the idea that Communism can be dealt with only by punitive force which in international affairs means war, and war in the nuclear age means the end of civilization. The oppressive Communism, which is winning support by its ideology and economic aid, is, if anything, strengthened not weakened by our own emphasis on military aid to dubious rulers.

American application of the adjective *free* to any and every non-Communist nation (except, perhaps some conspicuous neutrals) changes the very idea of freedom, yet it is our love of freedom above all things which gives moral value to our opposition to Communism. If the beauty of freedom must be part of our message there has been too little to commend it in the substance and manner of our diplomacy or our foreign aid. Our actions, for instance at Little Rock, cleverly played up by our opponents, cry out against our sincerity. (I have been, however, pleased to discover that among many of my friends and acquaintances the Court decisions and the President's action in sending troops to Little Rock did much to restore some confidence in American democracy.)

Too often we have made the mistake of offering "the American way

(*Continued on page* 56)

"Well, gentlemen, according to this depth-survey, consumers have a highly favorable subconscious image of our product. The only thing inhibiting that image seems to be their *conscious* conviction that it's no damn good."

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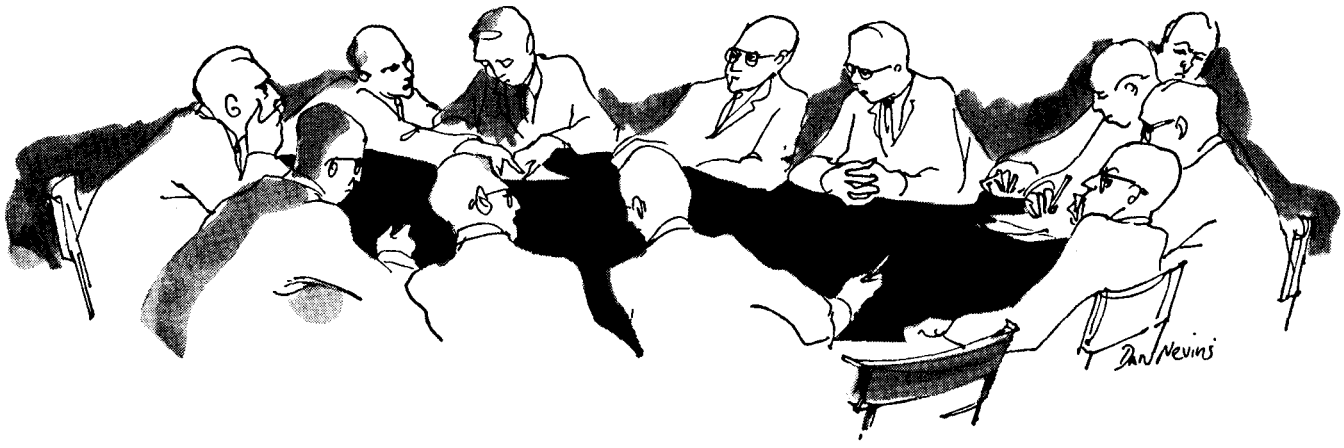

The Inarticulate Professor

By RICHARD B. HOVEY, *who is an associate professor of English at Western Maryland College and is the author of the forthcoming book "John Jay Chapman: An American Mind."*

AROUND the conference table sat a distinguished group: an economist from Chicago, a syndicated columnist from St. Louis, the presidents of three universities, an advertising executive and a banker from New York, a Washington bureaucrat, a prominent lawyer, the director of a research foundation, and two business leaders from the West Coast. They were all in that self-congratulatory mood of men who had done their job well. At this, their final meeting, they had approved unanimously their 500-page report on "The Present Needs of Our Colleges and Universities." Obviously, this National Committee, whose civic-mindedness was beyond question, was rendering invaluable service to the nation in the midst of our educational crisis.

Obviously, too, somebody will say, the Committee I am describing is a fictitious one. Granted. I submit, however, that it is far less a figment of imagination than a reasonably accurate facsimile—a prototype—of our American Way of facing up to our educational woes. In fact, during the past decade we have come to recognize this as Standard Operational Procedure—or SOP. And maybe a sop is enough. But one seldom noted thing about such enterprises is how un-American they are. That is, traditionally, we Americans respect practicality and dislike theory. What is strange about the members of my National Committee is that all of them, when it comes to essential questions of education, are mere theorists. The one practical man, who in the nature of things ought to have been invited to the mahogany table, was simply not present and not missed. I mean, of course, the man who through first-hand experience best understands the real processes of learning, the man who is actually in the firing line of higher education: the classroom teacher, the research scientist, the scholar—the college professor himself. Evidently education is sufficiently represented by its administrative chiefs. And evidently no one has thought to ask the professor's opinions on matters where he is expert.

JUST why the American people are not to hear from their professors poses a fascinating problem. One might fancy that in the public eye the professor should be the personified symbol of higher learning. One might imagine that in matters of education the public would turn to him as naturally as it turns to the physician in matters of health and to the lawyer in matters of law. But compared to his fellow professionals in medicine, law, engineering, and the rest, the professor occupies a very peculiar place in American society. We all know that his salary is low; that his fellow citizens pay several thousand dollars more per annum to the man who protects the health of their animals than to the man with whom they trust the minds of their own offspring; that after he has his Ph.D. the professor may hope to do economically as well as the bartender and the paper-hanger; and that after long years of work he may dream of wages like those of the railroad conductor. Nor can a fine phrase like "psychic income," nor all the selfless idealism in the world cancel out the fact that in a money-minded society the professor's paltry income must, in the eyes of the majority, give him a lowly status. As a teacher he may be to the collective unconscious a parent-image; and perhaps the grown-up boys and girls who pay the bills and taxes get a secret gratification in pressing down one who exerted authority over their youth. Whether or not this is so, the public attitude toward the learned man is palpably ambivalent: he is praised and a little envied for his intellectual prowess; at the same time, lest his questioning mind play too freely, the teacher has been bound with loyalty oaths. And not only does the word professor connote something scornfully humorous in our language, the very image of the professor has entered the national folklore as stock material for a joke. The problem is not one of money solely. The low economic status of the professor results in part from his problematic social status.

HOW far back into this nation's story we might look if we wanted to trace out the origins of the professor's present plight is a nice question. For, although we have a number of excellent histories of the American intellect, the history of our anti-intellectualism is yet to be written. At any rate, for decades, perhaps for generations, the professor has been conditioned into accepting his low place in society. It may be that he lost his great battle in the Gilded Age. It was then, during an era of expansion and specialization when the colleges and universities rushed to adapt the organization ways of

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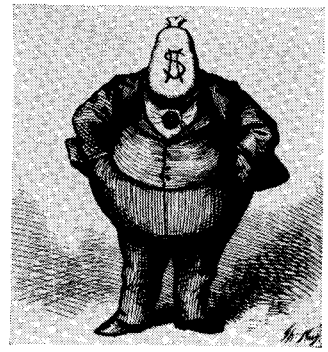
business, that the professor turned over the control of the schools to a new breed of administrators and rarely asked for a vote among the boards of trustees who were to shape his own fate and that of higher learning. Would any layman dream of running a hospital, for instance, without consulting physicians on all matters vital to the medical effectiveness of their institution? By contrast, the professor is quite used to having matters vital to the educational effectiveness of his own work decided by men who understand it no better than, say, a banker knows what anesthetics must be on hand in an operating room. Toward those who supply his paycheck the professor has come to regard himself as hired help. Whatever eccentricities are allowed him, the professor is, willy-nilly, a sort of organization man—and his organizations are scarcely so benevolent as those Mr. William H. Whyte, Jr., has recently analyzed for us.

To be sure, the professor seldom wears a gray flannel suit; yet among his colleagues he too has an organization problem. Besides his quarrel with administrators, he also finds himself part of a professional hierarchy. Like all priesthoods, that of Academe tends to perpetuate itself. Against such institutional conservatism, reform is difficult. Only those at the top of the hierarchy can fight for the needs of their profession with impunity. But why should they? These are mostly older men, secure in their positions; they reared their families and made their big purchases in pre-inflation times. Today they feel the economic pinch but not the whiplash. They have been through the mill; let the younger men go through it too. (Of many examples, I cite one: At an Ivy League university when a thirty-four-year-old friend of mine, with a Harvard doctorate and four years of college teaching, asked his department head for an increase in salary—his pay was then less than a city garbage collector's—the response was, "I believe young men should come up the hard way.") The younger men, who married during or after World War II and are now establishing households and families, may be dissatisfied and rebellious. Some of them may have a horizon of what-ought-to-be and see what obvious reforms common sense calls for. On the lower rungs of the ladder, however, they are powerless to criticize, to express personal opinion, to act. To go against the status quo is to flirt with dismissal—or at least to get oneself into such hot water that he might as well quit.

But we have had enough of the professor's dignified self-pity. Part of the trouble is his own fault. Aside from being trapped in the system, he has also trapped himself by a conception of his role which we might call the phony-genteel. Too often the academic lives by and operates on notions of the educated gentleman which belong to a world that is dead and gone. So long habituated to defer, the professor will hesitate, shuffle, qualify—do anything but offend his superiors. He delights in using ideas as playthings, but seems to have a horror of using them as weapons. The smiling, unruffled, detached tone is the right one. Indeed, I sometimes think that many a professor never gets over a disease he contracts in graduate school: that in the name of scholarship or of scientism he should be extremely cautious, should never commit himself, until all the facts are in. Alas, they won't *all* be in until sometime after Judgment Day! I have seen demonstrably under-paid professors who met to discuss salaries promptly side-track themselves with the consolation that wages were worse at some sister institution. And such is the professorial ease at verbalizing and at theorizing that I have watched simple proposals made to a faculty to improve

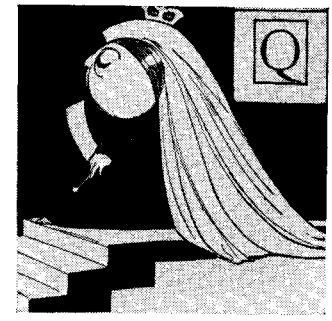
(*Continued on page* 58)



Thomas Nast depicted Boss Tweed himself in this 1871 drawing of "The 'Brains.'"

Mussolini and Hitler are the culprits in Maurice Becker's grim 1937 cartoon "Madrid."

"LAUGHTER IS THE GREAT VINCULUM, the binder uniting the disparate elements of society by ridiculing the importance of their differences," writes William Murrell in **"A History of American Graphic Humor: 1865-1938"** (Macmillan, $6.50). What America found funny, droll, or satiric provides an informal record of this country's political and social history. Americans don't just laugh at themselves as shown by Oliver Herford's caricature of Victoria, right, "Q is the Queen."



"They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wait" is the caption to Alexander King's drawing of a breadline in the winter of 1932.

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Howells in Our Time

By Granville Hicks

ALTHOUGH William Dean Howells is nowhere near so widely read as his great contemporaries and close friends, Mark Twain and Henry James, he is receiving more and more critical attention. Last fall Edwin H. Cady published the second volume of a detailed and scholarly biography (*SR* Sept. 27, 1958). This spring we have George N. Bennett's **"William Dean Howells: The Development of a Novelist"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $4), and Clara Marburg Kirk and Rudolf Kirk have edited **"Criticism and Fiction and Other Essays"** (New York University Press, $6). Both books help us to appreciate Howells's fundamental virtues, virtues that are often obscured by the changes in taste that have taken place since his day.

Professor Bennett discusses at some length all of Howells's novels from "Their Wedding Journey" to "April Hopes." He then announces: "Howells's longevity and productivity make it impossible to continue with a close account of his intellectual experiences and with extensive analyses of individual novels." He does have something to say about various of the novels that were published thereafter, especially "A Hazard of New Fortunes," but the book in effect drops Howells in mid-career. This curious procedure, which seems to have resulted from the practical problems of producing a Ph.D. thesis, detracts from the value of the study.

As far as he goes, however, Bennett is reasonably rewarding. He comments not only on the well-known novels but also on those that have rarely been scrutinized. He has read the plays, ferreted out obscure letters, and studied the conclusions of earlier critics. Although he wanders at times into biography, he concentrates on the writings, and reveals Howells's development, often strikingly uneven, as a novelist.

Bennett's principal thesis is that recent criticism has tended to put too much emphasis on Howells as a writer about social problems. In the 1880s, as a result both of his own experiences and of his reading of Tolstoy, Howells became conscious of the discrepancies between the ideals of American democracy and the inequalities and injustices of the economic system, and he wrote a number of novels in which he tried to express his new insights. These novels, Bennett maintains, have received a disproportionate amount of attention and have been unduly praised. He argues that there is no special virtue in writing about social problems and that in fact Howells's preoccupation with such matters was at times a literary handicap.

Howells himself, as Bennett demonstrates, was well aware of the limits of documentary fiction. In 1902, for instance, he wrote: "It is not much to say of a work of literary art that it will survive as a record of the times it treats of, and I would not claim high value for Zola's fiction because it is such a true picture of the Second Empire in its decline." A decade later he said, "Fiction can deal with the facts of finance and industry and invention only as the expression of character; otherwise these things are wholly dead."

Yet if all this must not merely be granted but be strongly affirmed, it remains true that economic problems stood out prominently in the area that Howells as a realist had chosen as his own. If there is no special virtue in writing about such problems, there is certainly no special virtue in ignoring them. Although Bennett is right in saying that Howells never regarded the economic system as the only force that shaped character, he was sharply aware of its shaping power, and, when all the proper qualifications have been made, one can only admire the boldness with which he set down what he saw.

Boldness is not a quality we commonly associate with the name of Howells, but perhaps we should. In his fiction, reticent as it seems to us, he was outspoken for his time, and contemporary readers were often shocked by his novels. His critical writings were even more disturbing, for he not only waged an unremitting war against the romanticism and sentimentality of popular fiction but spoke sharply of such idols as Dickens, Thackeray, and especially Scott. When "Criticism and Fiction" was published in 1891, an English reviewer said, "This man has placed himself beyond the pale of decency."

The volume the Kirks have edited contains "Criticism and Fiction," which has long been out of print, but this occupies less than a third of their book. The remainder contains more than thirty essays and reviews not previously available in book form, which are presented in three groups: "European Masters," "American Writers," and "Further Critical Issues." The third section includes some reminiscences, among them a charming account of Howells's youthful experiences in a country printing office, as well as discussions of general literary problems. The Kirks have enhanced the book's value by giving full explanatory notes.

Much of "Criticism and Fiction" seems pretty mild today, for Howells tried to offend as little as possible the moral sensibilities of his readers. On the other hand, in his attack on romanticism he hewed relentlessly to the line. How fundamentally courageous he was becomes clear in the essays on individual writers. He praised Ibsen, Zola, and Hardy, for instance, at a time when it was not easy to do so, and if he sometimes seems excessively defensive, he yields no vital points.

His record on American writers is particularly impressive. In 1867, at the beginning of his career, he recognized the importance of John William De Forest, just as, thirty years later, he recognized the importance of Stephen Crane and Frank Norris. Henry James and Mark Twain he praised again and again, and he wrote warmly of Edward Eggleston, Edward Bellamy, Hamlin Garland, and many another. Some of these writers had pleased the public, but others, notably Crane and Norris, were under fire, and Howells risked his own reputation when he spoke up on their behalf.

Most of these essays have more than historical interest. Howells as a critic was not comparable to Henry James, but he had a gift for getting to the heart of a problem. If he was not so great a craftsman as James, he was nonetheless a craftsman, and he wrote shrewdly on problems of technique. When a writer was his kind of writer—*i.e.*, one he could call a realist—he invariably had something revealing to say about him.

The essays the Kirks have collected demonstrate the importance Howells had for his own time, the many decades in which he was the acknowledged dean of American letters, and that is the great value of the volume, but many of these essays, like the best of the novels, have meaning for our time as well.

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Everything Irish Was Sacred

***"J. M. Synge—1871-1909," by David H. Greene and Edward M. Stephens** (Macmillan. 321 pp. $6.95), is an enlightening biography of the celebrated Irish playwright, in the opinion of Walter Starkie, Litt.D., who was director of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin from 1926-1942.*

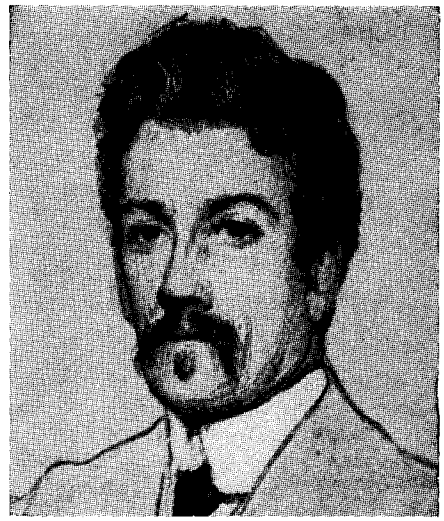
By Walter Starkie

WE WELCOME the publication of this long-awaited life of John Millington Synge, which enables us at last to see the figure of Ireland's greatest dramatist in true perspective and solve some of the obscure problems in the complex history of the Abbey Theatre. It is strange to reflect that Synge has had to wait nearly half a century for his complete biography to be written.

In 1913, four years after the death of the dramatist, when his French admirer, Maurice Bourgeois, published his book on J. M. Synge and the Irish Theatre, few documents were available. In 1939 the custodianship of the papers passed to a nephew, Edward H. Stephens, who had grown up with Synge and was in sympathy with his ideals. When Ned Stephens died in 1955 his widow suggested that David H. Greene, who ever since 1953 had been collaborating with her husband, should write a biography of the dramatist. She arranged that he should have access to Synge's papers and gave him permission to use her husband's manuscript and materials, stipulating only that Stephens receive credit for co-authorship. It is David Greene who relates the fascinating story of Synge's life and gives his own interpretation and conclusions.

Synge inherited the ancient traditions of Protestant ascendancy in county Wicklow, where his family played a prominent part in the land troubles of 1880, but his nature soon escaped from parental religious influences and he wrote:

> Soon after I had relinquished the Kingdom of God I began to take a real interest in the Kingdom of Ireland. My patriotism went round from a vigorous and unreasoning loyalty to a temperate nationalism, and everything Irish became sacred.



—From "J. M. Synge—1871-1909."

J. M. Synge, June 1906—On the Aran Islands his genius emerged.

As a young man he was an isolated figure. His first love was music and he studied the violin at the Academy of Music, but he was never able to conquer his nervousness when playing in public, and only could face an audience when blending his playing with others in an orchestra. At Trinity College he scraped through with a pass degree and, as the author states, probably owed more to his rudimentary college course in Irish than he did to his other studies. Neither his period of residence in Germany, where he went to study music, nor his bohemian life in Paris did much to dispel his doubts about the future.

—From "The Abbey Theatre" (Macmillan).

Wolf-Hound drawing for program coverpiece of Abbey Theatre—"the personal property of an Englishwoman."

There was a world of difference between his life and that of Yeats, who was six years his senior. The latter had been profoundly influenced by the ex-Fenian leader John O'Leary and had been closely associated with Catharine Tynan and other patriotic Irish poets, whereas Synge, though he had won a prize for excellence in the Irish language at Trinity, did not even take part in the inaugural meeting of the Irish National Literary Society. Yeats, when he met Synge at the Hotel Corneille in Paris in 1896, said to him: "Give up Paris: you will never create anything by reading Racine, and Arthur Symons will always be a better critic of French literature. Go to the Aran Islands, live there as if you were one of the people themselves; express a life that has never found expression." Yeats had visited Aran with Arthur Symons during the summer of that year and his imagination was "full of those gray islands."

Synge at that time was at his wit's end, for, except for a poem published in his college magazine, he had not been able to write a publishable line in five years of desperate trying. His biographer comments significantly: "Synge's visit to the Aran Islands in 1898 must be one of the most remarkable examples on record of how a sudden immersion in a new environment converted a man of ostensibly mediocre talent, a complete failure, in fact, into a writer of genius." When Synge returned to Dublin after his four visits to the islands he brought with him his book on "Aran" as well as the texts of "In the Shadow of the Glen" and "Riders to the Sea."

In the former play Synge laid the scene in his own county of Wicklow in the wild and isolated Glenmalure with its rugged landscape and drifting fogs, but the story of the loveless match between the aged Dan Burke and his young wife, Nora, he derived from his friend Pat Dirane, the "shanachie" of Aran. The success of the latter play was counterbalanced by the fierce controversy over the former.

Synge, however, though taken aback, did not bow to the storm. Right from the start he saw the weakness of the position W. B. Yeats had put himself in by his futile attempt to formulate a definition of dramatic art that would be "national" and therefore congenial to the political environment.

> The National Bank and the Naitonal Gallery could call themselves national, because nobody ever expected them to play a part in the political movement. But

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the word "national" in the title of Yeats's theatre immediately called attention to the fact that willy-nilly it was playing a part in the unfolding destiny of Ireland herself.

Yeats was willing to harness his theatre to the nationalists' bandwagon when he needed their help but now that Miss Horniman, the Englishwoman, had given him a purse full of sovereigns to buy a theatre, it was natural that he should refuse to be completely subservient to the aims of Arthur Griffith and James Connolly, who intended to use the national drama as an instrument for molding public sentiment against England and preparing it for the day of revolution.

The author has given a vivid account of the Playboy riots and the subsequent debate at which Synge was not present. Yeats never weakened in his defense of the ideals of artistic freedom which he had so nobly expounded. Nevertheless the riots and the bitter controversies were to have a lasting effect on him—even more than on Synge. It is difficult today to understand the violent wrangle; the author explains it as the story of a clash between two groups of dedicated people. Arthur Griffith and other nationalist leaders attempted to absorb the theatre into their own orbit, but the Abbey was not a national theatre. It was, in fact, the personal property of an Englishwoman who was hostile to nationalism and merely wished to advance the artistic career of William Butler Yeats.

In conclusion, this book is a compelling answer to Daniel Corkery's work on Synge (1955), in which he declares that the latter failed as a writer because he did not respond to the three great forces—religion, nationalism, and the land. Synge's plays were a deliberate attempt to create an Irish literature by going back to the sources: to myth, folk tale, and primitive speech.

Warrior in This Worldly Kingdom

***"Camus," by Germaine Brée** (Rutgers University Press. 275 pp. $5), weaves literary criticism and biography into a rounded study of the distinguished French writer. Claude Vigée, who is the chairman of the Department of Humanities at Brandeis University, is also a poet and critic of contemporary literature.*

By Claude Vigée

GERMAINE BRÉE has written the most penetrating study of Albert Camus published to date. It encompasses the totality of his work in relation to all known facets of his life, public and private. While it considers Camus's writings primarily as artistic creations, it constantly derives his literary development from his existential experiences, as well as from certain original philosophical insights which, once conceived, were never to be repudiated because they sprang from the deepest personal involvements. "At the root of any work one almost always finds a deep and simple emotion, pondered over at length and which, without justifying it, is enough to explain it," writes Camus himself in an unpublished manuscript (1952) quoted by Germaine Brée.

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Germaine Brée—"Your book benefits happily from our common memories of Africa."

In a certain sense Camus's work is the patient elaboration of a few fundamental, dialectically linked truths of an almost theological nature, which he adhered to from the start as unquestionable evidences, and sought to broaden or to justify. His essays as well as his novels and plays aim at elucidating his own basic tenets of thought or faith in the stern light of his fate as a man of our time. These convictions emerged at the very beginning of his literary career as the lasting, struggling themes of all his writings. Seen in their right biographical and intellectual setting, for which Professor Brée's study provides the context, Camus's books reveal the growth of a single, organic structure of reasoned feeling. His work possesses a true genetic unity, and appears to be driven towards completion by an irresistible inner necessity, the logic of a sustained inspiration.

From the simple statement of contrary themes found in the first essays and in the unpublished early novels, to the tense, contrasting harmonies or dissonances of the later books there is no solution of continuity: the perspectives are broadened as more and more elements of historical or personal origin are woven into the fabric; through a subtle play of opposites, the conflicting intuitions of agony and joy in life which were the young man's discovery are brought into a tighter, richer relationship.

The first chapters of the study give us a detailed, moving picture of Camus's childhood and adolescence. Germaine Brée knew Camus and his family in Algiers during World War II. "Your book," the author wrote to her, "benefits happily from our common memories of Africa. This has allowed you to see and define what no French critic has been able really to feel." Using a good deal of hitherto unpublished material, drawn from notebooks as well as from drafts of early fiction, Germaine Brée convincingly shows us how the writer's main topics, his imagery, his symbolic patterns all arose out of the specific conditions of his youth. From the picture she gives us of his upbringing in the human squalor and natural splendor of his Algerian surroundings, we can well understand why *"la peine des hommes"* impressed itself forever upon the little boy's mind.

Camus's ethics and metaphysics spring from simultaneous exposure to the misery of man's existence and to the radiant beauty of the African landscape, which were the paradoxical experiences of his childhood. Only within this framework of personal discovery can typical Camusian notions, such as "revolt" or "the absurd," be fully understood, sensed as artistic leitmotiv, and, be taken out of the domain of abstract speculation. For Camus "the absurd" simply consists in that endless, unjustified agony of body and soul which marks man's time on earth and makes him an eternal stranger in his own world. He

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writes in "The Myth of Sisyphus": "No ethics, no effort are *a priori* justifiable in the face of the bloody mathematics that order our condition"—a truly Jansenist standpoint. However, instead of faith in salvation from this wretched universe through the grace of a transcendental God, revolt appears to Camus as the desperate but healthy reaction against the absurdity of existence. Camus defines revolt as "the impulse that drives an individual to the defense of a dignity common to all men." Yet, while lucidly facing the darkness of man's natural and historical fate, Camus had very early in life rejected both the radical world-hatred implied in Jansenism, and a blind submission to the iron laws of history as conceived by Hegel and Marx. In defiance of Augustinian despair and otherworldliness, the twenty-two-year-old Camus inscribed as an epigraph on the manuscript of his still unpublished first novel, *"La Vie Heureuse"*: "My Kingdom *is* of this world." To conquer or to restore this worldly kingdom is then, according to Camus, man's appointed task. For him revolt represents but the initial, critical stage in the recovery of happiness on earth.

Having set his legitimate earthly goals, Camus arrives at a tragic optimism, which heralds the birth of joy and freedom in the midst of darkness or terror. From the start Camus had seen life hopelessly torn between opposites. Yet man, lost in exile, never ceased to grope for happiness *hic et nunc*. Of this "kingdom in the world" Camus offers us a rational description summed up, in "Man the Rebel," under the title *"la Pensée de Midi,"* as well as intuitive glimpses rooted in the memories of his magnificent native shores and skies. "The thought of high noon" tells man that he is not one with blind nature or murderous history. He constitutes the live measure of both. In order to relate them, he must betray neither, and courageously suffer the fate of all mediators: crucifixion. "Real life is present at the heart of this rending, it is this rending itself." The aim of this "*déchirement*" is a reconciliation of the warring polarities through passionate loyalty to all human experience, and to art which testifies for it. Such reconciliation is not to be understood as static fulfillment, the possession of a higher state of being, but as an intense, selfless striving towards unity at all moments.

For Camus the fate of the individual only matters if he has truly acquired selfhood, *i.e.* if he is at any time ready to loose it in the challenge the world throws at him. The dialectics of exile and kingdom are regulated by our manliness in front of agony or chaos, conditioned by our readiness to bear the world's responsibility on our own shoulders as D'Arras bore the stone for his dark brother. As Germaine Brée states, Sisyphus, absorbed in the task imposed upon him by the gods, has moved beyond revolt: "All the silent joy of Sisyphus is there. His destiny is his own. His rock is his possession." If he answers life's call without reservation, if he achieves a heroic and loving identification with his grim world of blood, tears, sea, and sunshine, Camus's man can find a kingdom at the center of his exile: "In the middle of winter I learned at last that I carried inside me an invincible Summer."

Rather than minute historical discussions, detailed psychological analyses in the tradition of the classical French novel, or philosophical polemics, Camus's proper domain as a writer is the expression of his direct insight into the ambivalent human situation, and into the astonishing physical beauty of the universe. This insight is communicated in pages of a powerful, poetic language, by which the description of natural elements is heightened to human significance, and reality raised to moral vision. It is a language both direct and revelatory, concrete and symbolic. As Germaine Brée shows, Camus's purpose is not to verify unsure hypotheses. He wants to convince the placid reader, to carry his assent, in order to make him share in the evidence of truths which are stated from the beginning as the driving force of his discourse. Camus sees himself in the role of an initiator, a guide to the total reality of life, not in that of a skilful and detached exponent of given facts. The whole purpose of the work is to release in the reader's mind and heart the illuminating idea which first flooded the author's soul with compelling energy. Camus's is frequently an imaged, shifting, rhetorical style. The argument is occasionally marred by logical contradictions which do not escape his critic's impartial eye: "The conclusion is not demonstrated, *it* demonstrates. It is implicit in the opening sentence, arrived at beforehand, and proceeds peremptorily to dispose of any denial or hesitation, incontrovertible as a musical theme."

Through the interaction of those spiritual opposites metaphorically designated as "Exile" and "the Kingdom," there finally emerges in Camus's work the image of a man drunken with the revelation of a sacred reality. This man, who has overcome all despair and withstood his lostness, celebrates the holiness of the immediate world, in the midst of which he daily risks an insecure but magnificent life. There is in the depth of Camus's being a sensuous seeker for bliss on earth in spite of death, a mad traveler who does not cease from striving for the highest human joy while accepting all the hazards of a voyage perhaps aimlessly pursued on stormy seas:

> Delicious anguish of being, exquisite proximity of a danger whose name we do not know, it is to live then to run to our death . . . I have always had the impression that I lived on the high seas, threatened, at the heart of royal happiness.

ROUAULT AS ILLUSTRATOR is best known for his series, "Miserere," completed shortly after World War I. "We Think Ourselves Kings," the only caricature in the group, and "The Hard Business of Living," right, are illustrations in Lionello Venturi's **"Rouault"** (Skira, $5.75).

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Paramount Post-Joycean

***"Joyce Cary: A Preface to His Novels," by Andrew Wright** (Harper. 186 pp. $4.50), examines the life and writings of the English novelist, who has added immeasurably to the gallery of great fictional characters. R. W. B. Lewis, professor of English at Rutgers University, is the author of "The Picaresque Saint," a study of modern writers.*

By R. W. B. Lewis

THIS extremely well-informed, thoughtfully composed, and modestly written book offers an important introduction to a sizable contemporary man of letters. Here is an introduction that really does introduce; all future discussion of Joyce Cary should follow from it. Mr. Wright, an associate professor of English at Ohio State University, knew Cary during the last years and with special intimacy during the final heroic months of the novelist's life. The sense of the man himself is strong throughout this study, always in a way to make meaningful the career Mr. Wright traces for us, and the impressive pattern of the literary achievement. The result is a highly suggestive insight into the moral and artistic climate of the present era.

The rhythm of Cary's life is one we are beginning to recognize as typical of his generation. Irish-born, Cary in fact regarded England as his home, and settled there, in Oxford, in 1920; but before doing so he passed through a couple of decades of spiritual and physical wandering and adventure that relate him (though Mr. Wright does not stress this point) to slightly junior contemporaries like Greene and Malraux, Camus and Silone. Cary originally intended to become a painter, but he moved on to an obsession with William Blake and religious speculation; and, in Cary's own words, "almost entirely through the esthetic experience I came to a true faith."

Even esthetic religiosity did not contain him, however (though like the heroine of his "Aissa Saved," Cary always had "an appetite for religious experience"); and from 1912 to 1920 Cary was off adventuring in the Balkans and in Africa. He was arrested as a spy in Montenegro, was wounded in Nigeria, and served as district officer in a remote outpost called Borgu. Invalided home in 1920, he published a volume of short stories in the same year. There followed twelve years and millions of words (interestingly summarized by Mr. Wright) of unpublished writing before Cary's first novel to reach print, "Aissa Saved," appeared in 1932. Production was steady and voluminous thereafter. Mr. Wright arranges it for us most helpfully: fugitive pieces on politics or criticism; four novels about Africa; two vivid and touching autobiographical novels of childhood; three less successful "chronicle novels," covering long spans of social history, and the major creative phase, the two trilogies that came out item by item between 1941 and 1955.

Now this alternation between art and religion and adventurous wandering and narrative vigor not only provides the very substance of Cary's fiction (what it is about); it also identifies him as a writer belonging, so to speak, to the post-Joycean generation. Cary absorbed a good deal from both Joyce and Proust, but his own talents, his restlessness, and his personal concerns led him away from the Joycean novel of esthetic experience—and towards the picaresque novel of moral inquiry. "The Joycean revolution is over," Mr. Wright reports. "And out of the wreckage there have emerged other novelists, among the foremost Joyce Cary." More urgent to Cary than the triumph of the imagination has been, in the words of an admirer, "the shaping of conscience, the imperatives of action."

Mr. Wright is particularly illuminating when he shows how Cary found at last the means to give shape to the contradictory "imperatives of action"—by devising what Mr. Wright calls "the novel of the triple vision." Each of the trilogies is such a novel. Each presents three unfolding views of one chain of events, and the trios are parallel: "the female," the physically large and morally generous though bemused woman (Sarah Monday, Nina Latter); "the conserver" (Thomas Wilcher, Jim Latter), and Cary's main protagonist, the free but also anarchic individual, the artist or political revolutionary (Gully Jimson, Chester Nimmo). Anarchic and creative freedom, moral pliability, and severe conservatism: these are the elements of the triple vision, and for Cary the truth lies in no fragment of that vision but in the whole of its simultaneous, contradictory operation.

Joyce Cary, in short, is a novelist who reaches back to the picaresque traditions of Smollett and Fielding, and forward to the obsessive seekers who have survived him. Indeed, the headlong rush of many of his books, their velocity of movement, their bewildering changes and hectic and often exuberant searching: all this is handled with more craft and cultivation than we normally encounter in the later, similar writings of the American Beats and the English Angries. But it is just Cary's consummate craft that might disturb us. Is he not excessively ingenious? There is perhaps an air of contrivance rather than of fulfillment in his fiction; we hear many voices, but not the single voice of the master. Cary is quoted by Mr. Wright as admitting that he does not write to an arranged plot, that "the book may start anywhere, in the middle or at the end. . . . Whole chapters get moved from one place to another." There is, one may feel, a lack in Cary of that final driving force that issues in the indestructible work of art. To say so is to make a criticism of Joyce Cary, but not of Mr. Wright's invaluable presentation of him.

The B-Minor Mass

By Rosalie Grayer

HOW SHALL we come to him? this organist
Of Leipzig, who wrote the Lutheran or Catholic
Service as required, and at funerals
Herded the snickering choir-boys in the rear.
He fathered twenty children and he sat
In the empty chapel, fingering the stops
And wondering at the ordered glory of God, until
Grace-notes ripened under his hands
And the green pipes filled; archangels
On the vine-ruled page trod him down,
Serene. A chord twisted in his bowels, tore—
—I shall not live long—he thought with sudden joy.

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Coping with the Ultimate

***"Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare," by Bertrand Russell** (Simon & Schuster. 92 pp. $2.50), and **"The Devil's Repertoire," by Victor Gollancz** (Doubleday. 192 pp. $2.50), grapple in different terms with the same theme: the very possible destruction of mankind. The points made by Lord Russell and the distinguished British publisher are considered by Frank Altschul, who, as chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association, has reflected long and deeply on this complex situation.*

By Frank Altschul

FOR anyone who is not fully aware that the civilized world is in the grip of what we must hope will prove to be no more than a temporary manifestation of insanity, "Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare," by Bertrand Russell, and "The Devil's Repertoire," by Victor Gollancz, should dispel any lingering doubt that this is in fact the case. If, seeking enlightenment, one must choose between two slender volumes which pursue an identical theme, the prospective reader would be well advised to limit himself to "Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare." For while these two tracts deal searchingly with the most critical problem confronting us today, the erudition of Victor Gollancz, which finds expression in lengthy excursions into theology and philosophy, is apt to prove somewhat distracting, however impressive it may be.

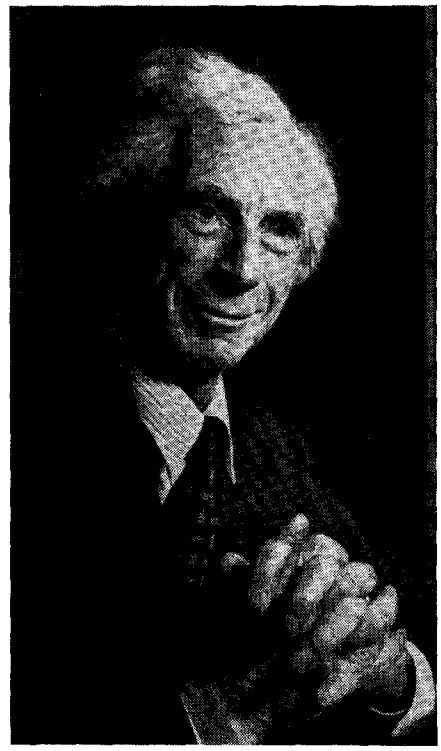
Having said this, it is only fair to add that much of value can be gleaned from a careful perusal of "The Devil's Repertoire." For Mr. Gollancz is at pains to emphasize the moral issue implicit in the use, or even in the preparation for the use of, atomic weapons, an aspect of the problem to which far too little attention is generally accorded. On this subject he is particularly eloquent:

> I have also heard it said that our Christian way of living, or our superior culture, or whatever it may be, must be preserved against barbarism. But we should be losing them, to the degree that they exist, in the very act of preserving them: what sort of Christianity or superiority would be left to us after their preservation by such methods?

And he goes one step further when he says:

> To contemplate throwing the bomb, and to manufacture it and test it and stock it for use if occasion arises, is a sin very close indeed to the sin of actually throwing it.

Such considerations lead Mr. Gollancz to the conclusion, in so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, that "unless we intend mass murder our nuclear weapons are meaningless. We should therefore destroy them forthwith, and have done with it." But while he argues his case with a certain logic, he fails to take account of the motive which prompts the continuation of Western nuclear armament. In our view, the Strategic Air Command will have failed in its purpose if it ever has to be used. We look upon it as an instrument which may at least afford us sufficient time in which gradually to negotiate some return to sanity in international affairs.



—*Karsh, Ottawa.*

Bertrand Russell: "We are not *doomed* to persist in the race toward disaster."

Lord Russell, on the other hand, considers that "if we are to think wisely about the new problems raised by nuclear weapons, we must learn to view the whole matter in a quite different way. It must be viewed, as some new epidemic would be viewed, as a common peril to be met by concerted action." Few would disagree with this suggestion, particularly if they share his conviction that "our present courses lead inevitably, sooner or later, to the extinction of the human species." Because he feels that "we are not *doomed* to persist in the race towards disaster," he concerns himself primarily with the question of how humanity may be enabled to escape such a dismal fate.

GENEROUSLY recognizing that he has come up with no completely satisfactory answer to this question, he admits that some of the measures he proposes are "Utopian, and I think in the present political climate . . . they must be so regarded." But he is optimistic enough to believe that this climate could be improved if we were to search progressively for agreement between East and West in limited fields. He favors "conciliatory measures" arrived at in a fair spirit at the council table, which "as a whole . . . give no net advantage to either side"—a formula which as yet the Soviet Union has manifested no inclination to adopt.

That national interests are hardly likely to be advanced by policies which lead to reciprocal nuclear destruction is the incontrovertible proposition on which much of the reasoning of these two volumes is based. Other national interests, whatever their character, are subsumed under the overriding interest in survival. Lord Russell and Mr. Gollancz are at one in urging that in this thermonuclear age far greater emphasis in the formulation of policy should be placed on the interest of the human species as a whole.

It is this natural preoccupation with the broad concerns of humanity which has led both authors to the conclusion that, faced with a choice between capitulation and the incalculable disaster of nuclear destruction, anyone who had not taken leave of his senses would certainly choose the former alternative.

This is arresting as a philosophical concept. However, adopted as a practical guide to policy, this would disarm the free world to such an extent that it would be quite unable to meet the most dangerous threat to which all of its most cherished values have ever been exposed.

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Brief on Behalf of Mankind

"The Prerequisites for Peace," by Norman Thomas *(Norton. 189 pp. $2.95), are fourfold, according to the many-times Socialist candidate for President, who suggests a program whereby they can be achieved. Philip Amram, is a member of both the Philadelphia and District of Columbia bars.*

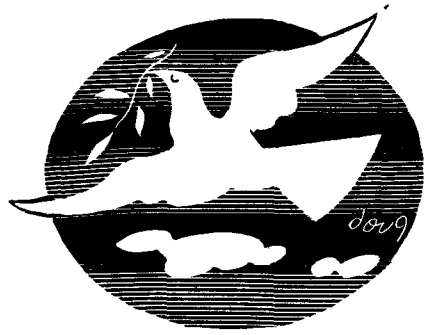
By Philip Amram

IN THIS concise and forthright analysis of the problems of peace, the reader will find no mystery story to be unraveled on the final pages. The book opens with a statement of its thesis. The prerequisites of peace are universal and total disarmament, disengagement, strengthening of the United Nations, and a worldwide program of cooperative attack on the poverty of a great part of the human race. Mr. Thomas makes no claim of fresh discovery of these principles. He recognizes that they have, separately, been treated by others, in many and varying ways, but he proposes to treat them as a totality, and to suggest a program by which they can be realized.

The thesis is uncompromising in its totality. It must be all or none. Any of the four parts, without the other, may fail and may be disastrous. Disarmament, without the guarantee of inspection and control by a strengthened United Nations, is impossible, since no nation can be expected to take the unsupported or uncontrolled word of another nation for either nuclear or conventional disarmament. Disengagement from present political and military alliances and positions is impossible, unless it goes "hand in hand with disarmament." A fresh attack on the disparities in the world's standards of living is essential, since these disparities are "a major cause of the unrest which menaces the world's peace."

Mr. Thomas holds no brief for world government. He finds no evidence of the minimum common denominator of culture, economic development, and traditional loyalties without which, in his opinion, world government, even of a federal type, is both undesirable and impractical. He speaks instead in terms of substituting law for war, as a means of settling international disputes, a phrase used with equal vigor by such opposites as the World Federalist movement and the American Bar Association. He lays great stress on the proposals made in the monumental "World Peace Through World Law" of Grenville Clark and Louis Sohn, from which he quotes extensively. His specific proposals for "strengthening the United Nations" are a better system of representation (in place of the present one-nation, one-vote system), better machinery for dealing with disputes, a feasible plan for enforcing decisions and agreements, and the constitutional power to provide and enforce law for the preservation of peace. They include legislative, judicial, and executive branches with appropriate, even though very limited, powers. Are these not the indicia of a limited "government"?

Very specific suggestions for disengagement and the relaxation of tensions are made in the three vital areas of the Far East, the Middle East, and Middle Europe. In the Far East we should (1) evacuate Quemoy and Matsu, (2) recognize the Chinese



Communist government and grant it a seat in the U.N. upon negotiation of a Korean peace, and (3) place Formosa under U.N. protection until its inhabitants choose their own fate by plebiscite. In the Middle East we should promote (1) a policy of military neutralization, (2) a definite agreement with the Soviet Union on noninterference, (3) U.N. guarantees of boundaries, (4) regional cooperative authorities for development, and (5) a settlement of the Arab-Israeli disputes over boundaries and refugees. In Middle Europe we must (1) come to an agreement with the Soviet Union for the reunification of Germany, and (2) there must be a general withdrawal of armed power from the heart of the Continent and the creation of a demilitarized zone. Mr. Thomas gives generous credit to others for many of these proposals.

All these proposals are being vigorously debated today. None of them are novel. This book is a superb brief in their support. The arguments cannot be brushed off; those who will oppose them must be prepared to document their rebuttal with equal detail.

To this reviewer, the key to the book is the final chapter, which deals with the "dynamics" through which the objectives can be reached. Mr. Thomas opens by conceding that the horror of nuclear warfare and the fear of nuclear destruction are not enough to overcome the present popular apathy on foreign policy. He deplores President Eisenhower's "passive conception" of the Presidency and his failure to undertake leadership in an affirmative program for world peace. In an effort to find potential forces from which to develop the dynamics for peace, he finds himself limited to the relatively small organizations which support the United Nations, such as the Foreign Policy Association, the American Association for the United Nations, and the United World Federalists, and to the possible participation of organized labor, organized Socialism, and religious organizations.

WE must face the fact that, in the years since 1945, none of these organizations or groups has made any significant impact in the United States. As a matter of fact, many of them have not even agreed in principle with the policies which Mr. Thomas feels to be essential to peace. His problem, then, is multiple. First, he must convince these organizations, if they are his only hope, to support and promote his thesis. Then, these organizations must find ways and means, so far undiscovered, by which they can convince the mass of the American people, and their leaders, of the rightness of the program and that it would be to our enlightened national self-interest to support it. Lastly, this new American leadership must find the ways and means, so far undiscovered, of breaking the deadlock between East and West.

Every thinking citizen should read this book. As all who know Norman Thomas would expect, the reader will find in it a combination of factual accuracy, logical reasoning, idealism, literary craftsmanship, and uncompromising honesty. He will, I think, put the book down with a feeling of deep sadness. He will find himself convinced that the prerequisites of peace have been accurately stated. But he will be equally convinced that the peace can be achieved in fact only through a revolutionary change in the nature of man.

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The Thumbs Begin to Turn Up

"The Long Road to Humanity," by Stanton Coblentz *(Yoseloff. 494 pp. $6), retraces from primitive times the many inglorious steps of man on his slow climb to understanding and compassion. H. A. Overstreet, the author of "The Mature Mind," is our reviewer.*

By H. A. Overstreet

THIS is the kind of book that should help to supplement the too narrowly political and military history we mostly read. It gives us a more poignantly revealing account of how we humans, throughout the ages, and all over the world, have treated one another.

The story is not a pretty one. It does little to enhance our pride in the human race. Rather it brings sorrow and shame. But it is a story we obviously need to know if we are to understand the direction in which the human race should go.

Mr. Coblentz starts with a familiar picture: a gladiator in the Roman arena standing over his prostrate foe and looking to the spectators for the fateful sign. Will it be thumbs up or thumbs down? It is along these two lines that human history has taken its course: war *versus* peacemaking; slavery *versus* the freeing of slaves; religious massacres *versus* religious sanctuaries; head-hunting, cannibalism, human sacrifices *versus* care for the maimed and oppressed; persecution of minorities *versus* the safeguarding of minority rights; punishment by cruel and degrading methods *versus* punishment by methods humane and curative; shackling of the human freedoms *versus* liberation of body, mind, and soul. These contrasted types of behavior have been with us all through history and everywhere in the world: "thumbs down" and "thumbs up."

This is the kind of history, it would appear, that is far too little known. Few among those who know of the glory of Athens, for example, know also of the shame of the silver mines of Laurium. It is questionable even, the author surmises, whether the free Athenian, basking in the sunshine or attending the plays, knew of the barbarous conditions under which thousands of slaves were made to toil in the cramped and airless galleries of the underground to produce the wealth of their "civilized" city. He probably knew as little about these maltreated slaves as the average American, proud of his country, knows about migratory workers or the denizens of "skid row." This kind of "thumbs down"—an indifference born out of sheer ignorance—has been manifested everywhere throughout our history.

But also throughout our history there has been the far more mischievous "thumbs down" created by mistaken beliefs. There was, for example, once upon a time, the unverified and quite unverifiable belief that since the gods loved the taste of human flesh human beings must be sacrificed to their divine hungers. Again—to take only a single example—there was in ancient China the fantastic belief that children born on a day sacred to the owl were ill-omened and must be killed. Beliefs like these could be multiplied by the hundreds and thousands.

One might too easily conclude that all of these "cruel" practices were due to an inherent savagery in primitive peoples. But the author reminds us that primitive peoples, on the whole, were remarkably kind to their children. It seems abundantly clear that this apparently "cruel" behavior was basically motivated by wrong beliefs. Man has arrived at theories about life that have been far from being the truth about life.

And so it has gone on—uncountable mistaken beliefs out of which men have shaped their inhumanities. The grisly story continues into our own time, with "ideologies" taking control: Nazi ideologies of a superior race, Marxist-Leninist ideologies of implacable, historically fated class antagonism.

Happily, the story is not all about "thumbs down." The years and the centuries pass; and the thumbs begin to turn up. Men become less and less the victims of naïve and delusive beliefs. Truth-seeking and truth-verification grow strong among them. Understanding and compassion enter. To read of George Fox, Robert Owen, William Wilberforce, John Locke, Florence Nightingale, and a growing host of others is to witness the slow evolution of humanness into humaneness.

This is the "long road to humanity" the author writes about. We still are traveling it; and the outcome is yet far from clear. Today we are at a terrifying crossroads: vast power concentrations, amoral science, nuclear weapons, regimes bent on taking over the world, and at the same time, everywhere, individuals passionate for friendliness and peace.

The book makes no predictions about the future. It merely tells of what has been and is now. Nor does it prescribe things to do. It bids us take notice—and leaves it at that. But to read this story of our two-sided selves is itself a notable experience.

"Maybe if we let them have outer space, they'll stop trying to grab off the rest of the world!"

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

THIS week *Saturday Review* begins its expanded coverage of paperback books, which will be a feature in the third issue of each month. In 1958 sales in paperbacks reached 300,000,000. Within the past two decades, 2,000,000,000 have been bought. For authors of works long out of print, or priced out of range, there are literally millions of new readers. The great writers in every field and from every age are accessible as never before. Students can own not only required course textbooks but the suggested collateral reading as well. And for the curious there is now the chance to follow more easily, economically, the esoteric path that leads from archeology to Zen.

● National Library Week ends today. Five paperback publishers joined in celebrating by giving free books to the Boys' Clubs of America. Bantam, Dell, Fawcett, New American Library, and Pocket Books each offered sixty boys' clubs in sixty major U.S. cities a choice of ten books from their catalogues—total donation, 3,000 books. . . . Noonday Press is still reeling from the impact of publishing Boris Pasternak's novella, "The Long Summer," in their paperback review, "*Noonday I.*" Requests for reprints have poured in from all over the world. One European request read, "Please send me 'The Last Summer,' by that Russian doctor, Zhivago." . . . Noonday, by the way, is bringing out, exclusively in paperback, Cesare Pavese's "Among Women Only," a first for this house, which has previously issued original fiction only in simultaneous hard- and soft-cover editions. . . . Evergreen Press, an old hand at publishing original novels in paperback has another Kerouac novel, "Dr. Sax," planned for this month. Kerouac's earlier paperback original, "The Subterraneans," is starting a new trend. Avon Books has bought reprint rights from Evergreen: a paperback reprinted as a paperback. . . . The demand for Kerouac has close competition from "Lolita" 's Vladimir Nabokov. His beguiling doxy has been sold to Crest for an undisclosed figure—over $100,000, however, now seems standard for best-sellers. And Nabokov has only just begun. Avon got there first with June plans for "Pnin," while Popular Library will follow after the summer with "Nabokov's Dozen." . . . Dell hopes "Anatomy of a Murder" will prove as successful as their "Peyton Place," whose sales are nearing the 8,000,000 mark. For author Robert Traver April 7 was a big day. It was publication day for the paperback, but, more important, it was also election day in Michigan and Traver, who without his pseudonym is Judge John D. Voelker, ran for re-election to his state's Supreme Court. . . . Hiram Haydn, former Random House editor, who with Pat Knopf and Harper's Mike Bessie are forming their own publishing house, called to say that despite the brouhaha about simultaneous publishing of paperbacks and hardcover books, they had no such plans at present. . . . Two of the most ambitious paperback projects underway are the fall series planned by Bantam and Anchor Books. Bantam plans a bilingual series, beginning with a volume of Spanish short stories edited by Queens College's Angel Flores, and French tales, which critic Wallace Fowlie will oversee. The English translation will appear on the opposite page, but for those who want to read the stories, without peeking, there will be a vocabulary. Anchor's Science Studies Series will include seventy illustrated volumes dealing particularly with physics. Some forthcoming titles and authors are Laura Fermi and Gilberto Bernardini's "Galileo," Harvard's I. Bernard Cohen's "Birth of a New Physics," and "The Neutron Story," by Donald J. Hughes of the Brookhaven National Laboratory. —R. W. S.

FICTION

Many of the great novels of the last century are available in attractive paperbacks. Some, like Mrs. Gaskell's **"Mary Barton"** (Norton, $1.45), are noteworthy not for skill in characterization or narrative, but rather for the picture they present of contemporary life; in the case of Mrs. Gaskell's 1848 novel it is Victorian England, beset by the woes of rising industrialism. Theodore Dreiser, some fifty years later, was also concerned with society's injustices, but his novel **"Sister Carrie"** (Houghton Mifflin, 95¢) stands all on its own as a moving story of Hurstwood and his ill-fated liaison with Carrie Meeber. Herman Melville's two short novels, **"Typee and Billy Budd"** (*Mentor*, 50¢) are included in the same volume. "Typee," Melville's first book, is based on his own misadventures among the Marquesas Islands's cannibals. In "Billy Budd," written in 1891, Melville ponders good and evil in his own Christ story. Critic R. P. Blackmur has written a valuable introduction to **"The Aspern Papers and The Spoils of Poynton"** (Dell, 50¢). "The Aspern Papers," a novella, is based on (but magnificently transformed in the James fashion) an incident in the life of Lord Byron's mistress; "The Spoils of Poynton" is a brief but complex novel (1897) about the rich and the greedy, which has for its heroine a young woman by the memorable name of Fleda Vetch.

ROMAN WORLD

The ancient world of Rome is a vast, complex, and bewildering place for the reader without previous historical knowledge. Paul MacKendrick, a classics professor at the University of Wisconsin, anticipates the novice's confusion in his original paperback survey, **"The Roman Mind"** (Anvil, $1.25). He offers the highlights of Roman history from Romulus and

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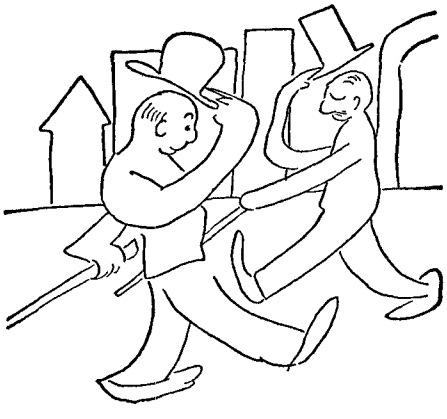
Remus to Theodosius's reign in 392, when pagan worship was finally abolished. Supplementing the text are ample readings from Livy, Cicero, and other writers. **"Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire"** (Meridian, $1.95) is a classic work, written at the turn of the century by Samuel Dill, an eminent Irish classicist, whose "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius" is already in a Meridian imprint. He discusses at length the conflict between paganism and Christianity. It's not a book for the browser. The most famous Roman of them all is the subject of Rex Warner's **"The Young Caesar"** (Mentor, 50¢), which hovers between absorbing fiction and biography. It begins on the eve of that fateful Ides of March as Caesar glowingly recalls the triumphs of his earlier years, of the friends and enemies he has made, and his high hopes—and faint misgivings—for the future.

PERSONALITY IN PAPERBACK: Evan Hunter, the author of "The Blackboard Jungle," "Strangers When We Meet," and the forthcoming (May) novel, "A Matter of Conviction," is one of the most successful and prolific writers around. "The Blackboard Jungle," which was made into a film, sold over 1,500,000 paperbacks; "Strangers When We Meet," which went to the movies for $87,000, will appear in a Pocket Book edition next week. But Evan Hunter has another career under the pseudonym of Ed McBain, the author of carefully documented *policiers* about Precinct 87. Right now McBain is particularly busy: ABC television has optioned the stories for a filmed series, "Killer's Wedge" is slated for Broadway in the fall, and, in June, a McBain anthology will appear. Hunter-McBain has still a third face—Richard Marsten, who generally writes about an innocent man involved in a murder charge. "Whenever Precinct 87 can't take care of an idea," says Hunter, "Marsten takes over." Hunter, who is thirty-two, began to write while working for a literary agency. Between 1951 and 1953 he sold over a hundred stories, which convinced him that it was more profitable to sell his own work than other peoples'. He completes a mystery in one month and in one draft; a Hunter novel takes a year. He finds, however, no conflict among his three literary selves. "In fact," says Hunter, it's all part of the same thing. A good novel has to be a mystery too."

ANTHROPOLOGY

The Darwin centennial year is commemorated by **"Charles Darwin: Evolution and Natural Selection"** (Beacon, $2.25), an anthology of Darwin's writings, including excerpts from his autobiography, personal letters, and "The Origin of the Species." A worthy companion volume is Thomas Huxley's **"Man's Place in Nature"** (Ann Arbor, $1.75). Huxley was Darwin's most fervid adherent and his book, published in 1863, undertook to fill the Darwinian gaps on man's origins. In **"Tree of Culture"** (Vintage, $1.25), famed Yale anthropologist Ralph Linton traces the progress of culture from its confused beginnings at the subhuman level through its widely divergent evolution. The culture and history of early civilizations in Asia, Europe, and Africa are examined. Polynesian culture, from the time of the Stone Age people, who crossed the Pacific under incredible burdens, is explicated in **"Vikings of the Pacific"** (Phoenix, $1.95), by Peter H. Buck, who is himself part Polynesian. **"People of the Twilight,"** by Diamond Jenness (Phoenix, $1.50) is an account of the author's two-year stay among the Eskimos of the Coronation Gulf region, on the Canadian Arctic coast. He presents the conflict between the good and the evil that white men bring to so unspoiled a land.



"A PROPER GREETING between gentlemen of breeding," is James Thurber's title to this drawing in **"The Owl in the Attic"** (Universal, $1.25), essays on his favorite topics: pets, the sexes, and the peculiarities of the English language and of those who speak it.

POETRY

Poet Morris Bishop's **"Ronsard: Prince of Poets"** (University of Michigan, $1.85) is a high-styled study of the sixteenth-century nobleman-poet. Ronsard served as page to King Francis, watched a dauphin die of poison, and wrote courtly poetry to the maidenly Hélène, one of Catherine de Medici's entourage. He survived state intrigue, lived to a ripe old age, and is remembered as "the greatest lyric poet of France before the coming of the nineteenth century." George Williamson, author of "Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot," in **"The Donne Tradition"** (Noonday, $1.45) discusses preacher-poet John Donne as a man who embodied much of seventeenth-century tradition, but whose influence extended to later poetry, from Mallarmé to Eliot. It would be hard to find a poet more unlike Donne than Walt Whitman, whose biography, **"The Solitary Singer"** (Grove, $2.95), by Gay Wilson Allen is filled with more than 600 pages of information about his life and his works. Among the most touching and humanizing sections is the account of Whitman's New England visit, when he called upon the aged and nodding Emerson and walked out to Walden Pond, where he laid a reverent stone on Thoreau's cairn. A more modern American poet, Louise Bogan, has been writing scrupulous verse for over thirty years. In 1955 she was co-winner of the Bollingen Award and recently she won the Academy of Poets' $5,000 prize. **"Collected Poems"** (Noonday, $1.25) contains the best of her work, of which *SR*'s critic wrote, "at the core of her poetry is mind-stuff."

HISTORY

"Mont-Saint Michel and Chartres" (Anchor, $1.25) is Henry Adams's litany to the medieval spirit. Although largely concerned with the cathedrals of northern France, the literature and the mundane of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are woven into the fabric of "thirteenth-century unity." Adams's philosophy of history, **"The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma"** (Capricorn, $1.25), applies scientific principles to the movement of history. Another philosophy of history, written by Columbia University's Charles Frankel, is **"The Case for Modern Man"** (Beacon, $1.45), "an attempt to show that doom-fillled prophecies are unwarranted." Mr. Frankel expounds his own, more optimistic view of modern history.

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The Realm of the Spirit

Editor's Note: *The following guest editorial was written by Frederick Mayer, professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands, Calif.*

THE story of education is the story of mankind. It is the saga of wisdom and folly, achievement and regression, creativity and lethargy, enlightenment and superstition. The aims of education represent the bases of social advancement. In every generation great educators, like Socrates, Epicurus, Comenius, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and James, have been in the vanguard of humanitarian causes and have made progress possible in man's relationship to himself and to society.

What should be the goals of education in our time? What should be its objectives? What should be its methods? These are significant questions, not merely for teachers and school administrators, but also for scientists, artists, statesmen—indeed, for all reflective human beings.

In every period, education has to be re-evaluated and re-examined. If this is not done, a culture lag results and the schoolroom becomes only a minor footnote to life with teachers having little impact on the main events of our time. Thus, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, medieval scholars were still debating about minor points of theology, while the world outside was rapidly changing and while a new science was being developed that would make their debates obsolete. When Locke was attending Oxford in the seventeenth century, scholastic methods were still being used while he yearned for a stress upon biological science. Too often in history, education has been isolated from the main currents of civilization. This has resulted in lacks of vitality and relevance of the educative process. Bergson, in his notable work, "Creative Evolution," shows how change governs all aspects of human existence. Every moment presents us with a new challenge. We are never the same and our abiding identity is only a postulate of experience. Social change, especially today, is even more rapid. To ignore it and to say it has no meaning for education, is to invite disaster for mankind.

In no field is change as rapid and breath-taking as it is in science. Indeed, more progress has been made in this field since the start of the twentieth century than for the last 5,000 years. But scientists today are concerned about the direction of their inventions. Will they be used for destructive purposes? Will they contribute to the devastation of mankind? Will they create a new Leviathan that may make civilization more complex and more neurotic? Thus, scientists at conferences and through journals and books have been urgent and emphatic in their pleas for an educational system that shows the relationship between science and humanities, for they realize today that political issues have an immediate impact on their own researches and discoveries.

Artists in our society frequently feel a sense of alienation. They maintain that our taste is appalling and that, like the Romans, we tend to be exhibitionists and underrate creativity when it has no direct utilitarian consequences. A poet in our civilization ranks below the businessman, and there is a suspicion that anyone who is really concerned about art tends to be Bohemian. A classic voice of this viewpoint was Babbitt, in Lewis's great book, who admired successful artists because they made a great deal of money, but who had contempt for the dedicated artist who might live in an attic and who did not care for financial success.

It might be pointed out that we have today more courses in poetry, painting, and sculpture, more interest in dramatics, more emphasis on musical appreciation, more support of symphonies, more buyers of classical records than at any time in our history. This is true; but a real passion for art, as we find for example in the Renaissance, is lacking. Los Angeles and New York are not like Florence in the sixteenth century, which regarded the painters, sculptors, and architects as its foremost citizens. To create such a spirit a new type of education is needed.

But we must remember that universal education has not been achieved. Even in this nation there are millions of illiterates. What is worse, there are millions living in a twilight zone of semiliteracy.

Moreover, our investment in education has been minor compared with our investment in war. Walter Lippmann tells us that unless we make a more concentrated investment in our schools, we may experience a spiritual Pearl Harbor. We all know that we spend more on amusement than on education.

The main problem of education is not intellectual; it is the problem of human existence. How should we live? How should we look upon society? How should we act? What should be our aspirations? What is to be our vocation? These are the perennial problems of education, which fails unless it is applied to the realm of actuality and unless it creates lasting changes in man's behavior.

Real education, then, belongs to the future; most of our education is a form of tribal conditioning, a pilgrimage in routine and premature adjustment. When education becomes a journey in interior awareness, when it stirs our innermost feelings and loyalties, when it awakens us from the slumber of lethargy, when it brings individuals together through understanding and compassion, it becomes our foremost hope for lasting greatness.

In "Brothers Karamazov" we read: "Everyone is really responsible to all men for all and everything." This ideal should be the motto for the educated man of our time who can find himself only by transcending a feeling of futility and only by seeing the bonds which unite him to his neighbor and to the universe.

—Frederick Mayer.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VOICE OF REASON

IN YOUR EDITORIALS there is always the voice of reason and sanity, and especially so in "Has Anyone Mentioned the U.N.?" (*SR* March 28).

Why the U.N. should not handle the present day world problems is a mystery to me. Of course, it lacks power to enforce its decisions, but it might do well to make the decisions anyhow, and depend upon the good sense of the majority of the world to back it up. Perhaps its very absence of power might bring the various nations of the world to a realization that piling force upon force is not going to settle tensions of the world.

ARTHUR H. IHSEN.

Fairview, Pa.

ALTERATIONS AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

IN HIS REVIEW of "Sweet Bird of Youth," (*SR* March 28) Henry Hewes claims that "while Mr. Kazan's direction and his persuasion of the playwright to alter his play . . . is deplorable . . . it has resulted in strong performances by the actors." Mr. Hewes has touched upon what I feel to be a serious problem of the current American theatre—the dilemma caused by Elia Kazan and Lee Strasberg.

Both of these men are connected with the school of theatre that makes the personality of the actor, and his psychological transferology, all important. The actors of the Strasberg school frequently stand above their roles, and directors like Kazan can make scenes and plays over to suit these performers. Mix in one brilliant but weak-willed playwright and the effect is disastrous.

Naturally, as a mere theatregoer, I cannot exactly know the fine line where playwright Williams leaves off, and director Kazan and/or the various method actors take over. I can, however, offer the following evidence to demonstrate, ironically enough, that both "Cat" and "Bird" have been denatured and have had their effect neutralized by the various cuts or paddings dictated by this ego-method complex. I might refer any interested party to the peculiar phenomenon of two different versions of Act III of "Cat" both published in the same volume. One is the author's version, while the other is Kazan's or the Broadway version. And might I refer any who wonder why Tennessee Williams's usually strong characterization of his central figures was so lacking in "Bird" to the recently published version of the play. This version will be of special interest to those critics who wondered why the highly anticipated scene between the two young lovers, Heavenly and Chance, never came off, or why the black armband worn by Chance was taken off in the actual production.

In the printed version, Chance wore the armband in memory of his mother. In fact, this young man was at least physically innocent of the crime he was persecuted for. And there is a scene in this version where Heavenly and Chance have it out—and it is a scene in which we get a glimpse of the sweet bird in this young degenerate. All this makes him a character of dimension, and one that we can feel ourselves in—as the playwright so bids us—at the final unkind curtain.

But in the Broadway version I saw, Mr. Kazan has cut out whatever there was sweet in Chance, with the result that both Chance and Heavenly are rendered dramatically impotent. They have become caricatures rather than characters.

PAUL GRAY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I did not intend that "Mr. Kazan's persuasion" be construed as unethical directorial dictatorship. My criticism was based not on factual evidence but only on the apparent results produced onstage by the combination of Mr. Kazan's direction (which may rightly have included suggestions to the author for alterations), and Mr. Williams, with whatever unspoken factors may have operated in his mind because of his knowledge of Mr. Kazan's style of directing of "Cat."

HENRY HEWES.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Now my idea, your Majesty, is a stamp tax for the American colonies—it will be painless and easy to collect."

OVERSENSITIVE?

RABBI SIEGEL'S INTERESTING review of Volume III of "The Bridge" (*SR* March 28) shows many marks of friendliness. Yet at times he seems oversensitive. He finds proselytism in passages that are hardly more than statements of Catholic faith. To see in the state of Israel "a distant preparation for the final encounter with grace" is simply to apply to the problem of this state the age-old Christian conviction that in the end the Jews as a people will accept Christ. The passage on "missionary zeal," seen in its context, is no more than a defense of those who wish to share their happiness with others against the bitter accusation that they engage in some sinister activity. Finally, the sentence that links Jewish suffering to the Passion of the crucified Christ sums up the thought of Hermann Adler, a Jewish poet.

Dr. Siegel is not quite correct in saying that "The Bridge" is directed toward Jews. Rather does it speak to both Christians and Jews. The editors of "The Bridge" have never pretended that their work represents the conversation between Christians and Jews; they state explicitly that they hope it will serve that age-old dialogue. If, however, Dr. Siegel is right that "dialogue's singular end [is] a shared agony of search," then the editors cannot even claim the least contribution to the dialogue. But I wonder whether confining dialogue to a share of agony would not be the same as limiting life to romance without the hope of marriage, to apprenticeship without a thirst for mastery? I wonder whether it would not be the same as proclaiming that man's existence is a pilgrimage, but with no goal in sight?

SYBELLA M. MURPHY.

Woodside, N.Y.

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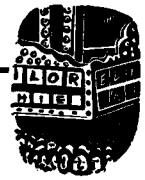

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Political Film

THE television audience that watched "Omnibus" on Sunday, March 29, saw a preview of what is probably the most important motion picture of the decade. Like most previews, its excerpts were selected to make the movie seem as intriguing as possible. But unlike most previews, the whole is if anything more exciting than the bits and pieces presented on "Omnibus." Titled **"Power Among Men,"** the film is a feature-length exploration of four of the major problems of our postwar era: the problems of rebuilding after the war; raising standards of living; providing power for industrial expansion; and bending the atom to peaceful purposes. Its backer, appropriately enough, is the United Nations. But where in the past U.N. films have been distributed primarily in 16mm to nontheatrical markets, the U.N. people hope and intend to find the broadest theatrical outlets for "Power." It is a film not only to watch for, but to demand.

Produced by Thorold Dickinson, the British film maker responsible for "Next of Kin," "Queen of Spades," and "Hill 24 Doesn't Answer," "Power Among Men" breaks away from many of the unfortunate connotations that have sprung up about the word documentary. Indeed, as Mr. Dickinson explained recently, that was one of the reasons why he, identified primarily with entertainment pictures, had been placed in charge.

What Dickinson—with the help of two expert directors, Alexander Hammid (formerly of Czechoslovakia) and Gian Luigi Polidoro (of Italy)—has done in his picture is to tell four thematically related stories, the first highly specific, then each successive episode broader and broader in its implications. The first sequence sets the pattern. An Italian hill town near Cassino has been reduced to rubble by the war. The men and women return to their ruined homes and cratered fields to resume life, to build, to plant, and to rear their children. All of this, the past, is seen in black-and-white. But the present, and the hope for the future, comes to the screen in color. In the Italian town, fifteen years after the cessation of hostilities, community life has been fully restored; but the same people who rebuilt their houses and cleared their fields of mines are now coping with the new problems of education, sanitation, and military service.

These problems, far from being abstract, are seen through the eyes of a very real family. Dickinson reported that he received the wartime footage from Julien Bryan, the noted documentary film maker, but that Bryan could no longer remember the name of the village in which he had shot it. Polidoro not only found the town, but the same people who had appeared in the earlier film—including two who had emigrated to Canada in the intervening years and had just returned to spend a few weeks with their relatives. All of them were delighted to resume their film careers.

From Italy, the film moves to Haiti, where a French-speaking U.N. official from Belgium works with the natives on a community project to improve agricultural methods. Again, the past is shown in black-and-white—the past of Henri Christophe and the impoverished countryside. But M. Mouton (who plays himself in the film) demonstrates scientific farming and the coöperative marketing of surplus produce. Soon, despite indifference and outright obstruction, the area is flourishing. One small village in a backward nation has learned to feed itself and reach out toward a fuller, richer life. Will the idea take hold and spread throughout the island, throughout the world?

The vast hydroelectric project at Kitimat, in British Columbia, raised questions of a different kind. The undertaking itself, involving the construction of a huge dam and the installation of electric generators in subterranean caves hollowed out of solid rock, is on an heroic scale. No less important, from the film's point of view, were the thousands of men from thirty-one different countries brought in to carry on the work. Language barriers created certain difficulties, but more disastrous were the national antagonisms that the men brought with them from the past, antagonisms exacerbated by housing shortages and enforced separation from their families.

Kitimat affords a fascinating study in microcosm of the people of the world learning to live with each other. The solutions that it presents are tentative ones, nor does it suggest that a millennium is at hand. What it does offer, however, is solid ground for the belief that the basic problems are not insoluble, that a world community can be created with the same patience and understanding and growing tolerance that produced the community in Kitimat. All that is needed, as in Kitimat, is a common objective.

The scene of the final episode is Norway. A bee-keeper, discovering that his bees have died in the hive, hastens to a near by nuclear energy research laboratory for an explanation. The explanation, given by Odd Dahl (described by Dickinson as a "philosophical physicist"), involves not only the atom bomb and the dangers of radioactive fallout but, with the aid of appropriate footage, an insight into the peacetime applications of the atom in medicine, agriculture, and as a source of power to drive ships, light cities, and irrigate deserts. Significantly, the laboratory is staffed by an international team of scientists.

DICKINSON likes to speak of his picture as "a political film," which is perhaps his way of saying that "Power Among Men" seems specifically designed to wake people up. Throughout, it underlines the precarious balance between man's constructive and destructive instincts. In the Italian sequence, for example, a farmer is blown to bits when his plow strikes a land mine. In Haiti, on the other hand, and in Kitimat as well, dynamite becomes the tool for clearing a road or building a dam. Introducing the Norwegian sequence are awesome shots of atomic bomb tests; and yet the same atom can be turned to man's advantage. Civilizations have been destroyed, the film reminds us, sometimes by man, sometimes by nature.

It is a remarkable achievement, this first U.N. film. It has been made by men who obviously do care, and deeply. They quote Shakespeare: "What a piece of work is man!" And they give us not only hope, but *reason* to hope that the arts, the sciences, and the cultures that have been building for thousands of years will not vanish in the mushroom cloud that fills our waking nightmares today. They succeed because they have set out to report honestly those evidences of enlightenment to be found in the world around us, and because they have soberly balanced this evidence with prods against dangerous complacency. Out of this balance comes the realization that the scales are actually tipped in our favor—if we all of us have the wisdom and courage to seize our advantage. The distinguished score is by Virgil Thomson, the present narration by Laurence Harvey, although Marlon Brando has been scheduled to speak a commentary specifically for American audiences. On every count, it is a film that no one can afford to miss.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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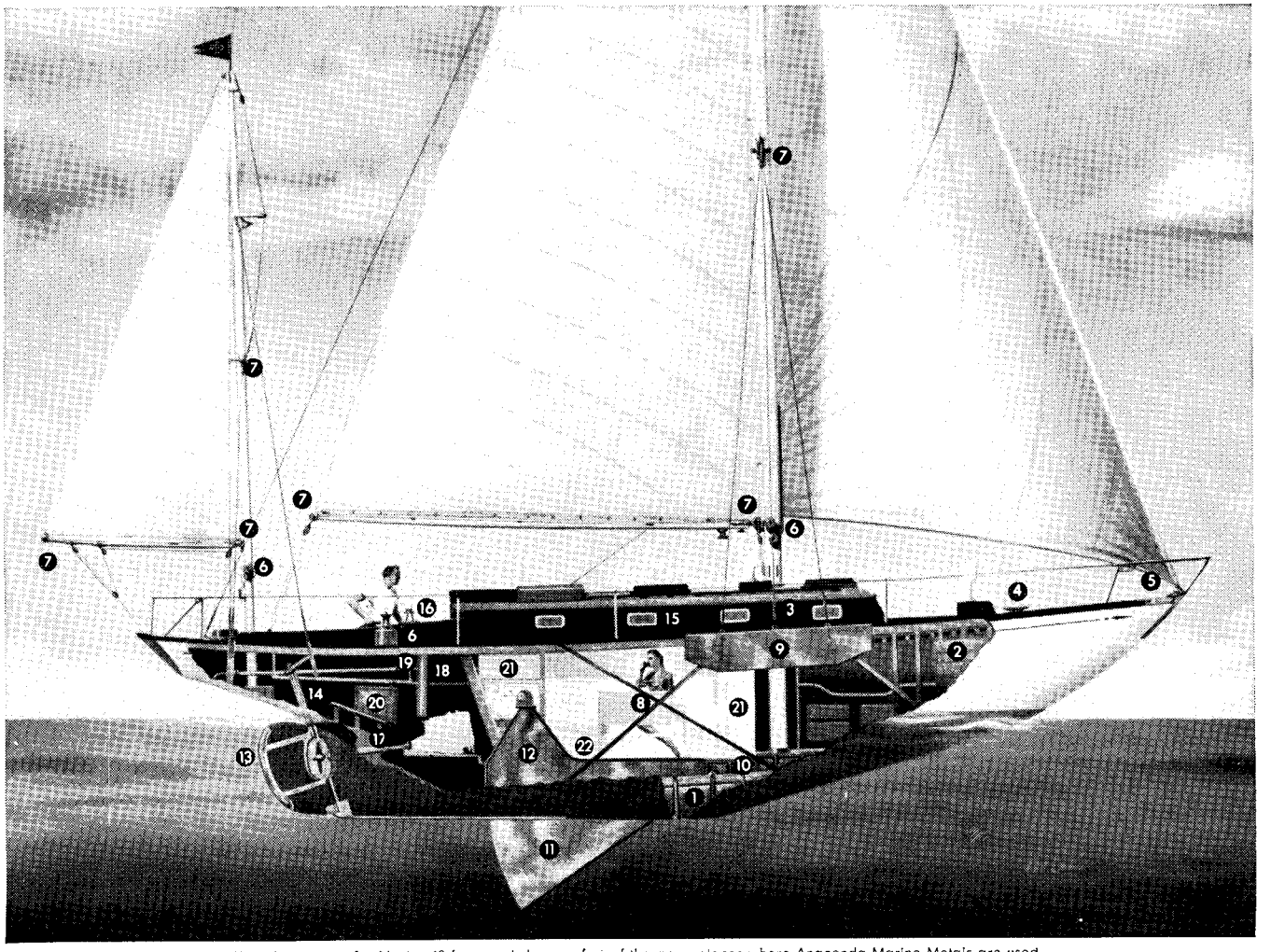

Keyed cutaway of a Nevins 40-foot yawl shows a few of the many places where Anaconda Marine Metals are used in building fine boats. Designed by Sparkman & Stephens, N. Y. Built by Nevins Yacht Yard, City Island, N. Y.

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Rough water, salt spray, brisk winds—the very elements that make boating the popular and thrilling sport it is—are also a boat's relentless enemies. To withstand the twists and strains of even normal running and to stave off corrosion's attack, metals of many special kinds are required: For instance, Everdur® for fittings and fastenings; Tobin Bronze® and Tempaloy® for propeller shafting.

Because the yawl above contains virtually every important metal part found on any type of pleasure boat, it illustrates the numerous ways these Anaconda Metals make for sound construction and safer boating. The development of marine metals for pleasure, naval, and commercial craft demonstrates just one facet of Anaconda's broad research program in the nonferrous metal field.

If you would like to receive a free copy of our illustrated twenty-page booklet, "Know the Metals in Your Boat," write to Department 4, The Anaconda Company, 25 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y. 59174A

ANACONDA®

PRODUCERS OF: COPPER · ZINC · LEAD · ALUMINUM · SILVER
GOLD · PLATINUM · PALLADIUM · CADMIUM · SELENIUM · TELLURIUM
URANIUM OXIDE · MANGANESE · ARSENIC · BISMUTH · INDIUM

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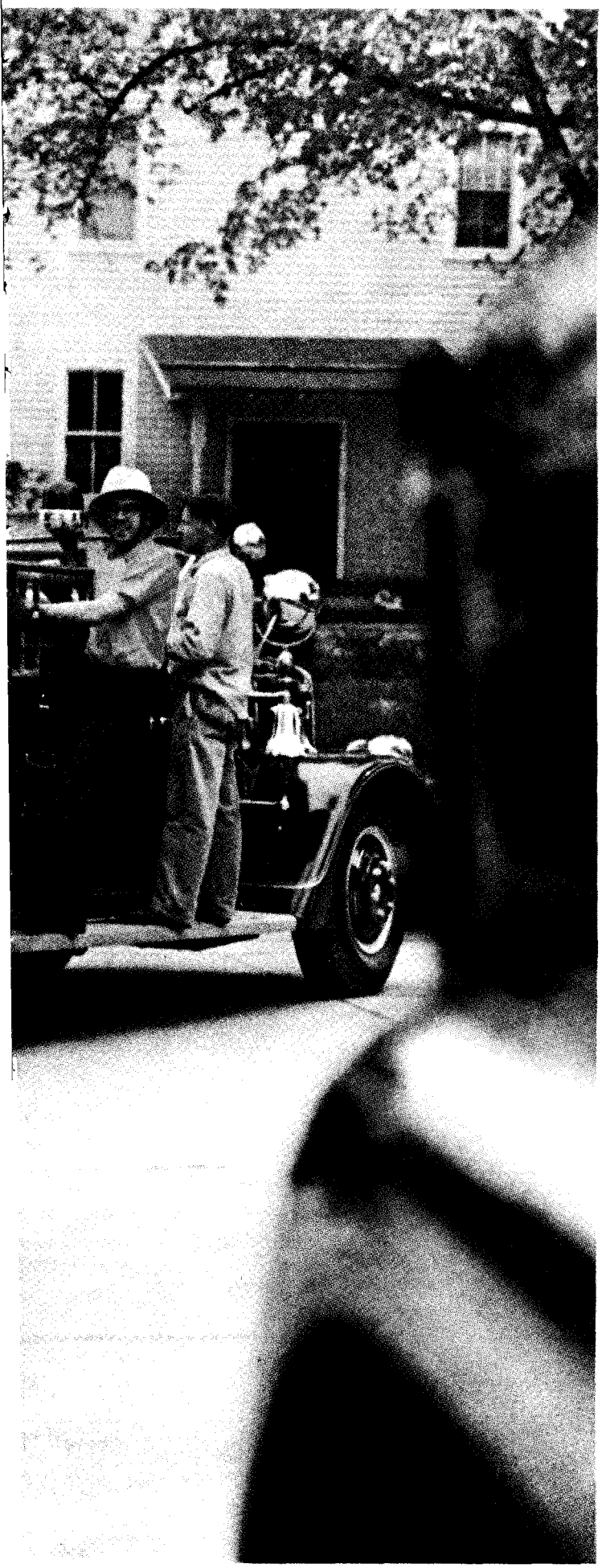

A banker takes a hand

When the siren screams and the volunteer firemen scramble, there's probably a banker in the brigade.

And for good reason.

To understand and serve his community, a banker has to know its people and its problems firsthand.

Living and working among depositors and customers increases his ability to help a community financially. Right in the thick of things he's better qualified to put the community's money to work wisely and profitably.

By participating and serving at the same time today's banker is well qualified to give sound assistance when asked to weigh a personal financial problem, or advise on business or civic money matters.

Willingly accepting the many responsibilities his community gives him, and getting to know his neighbors to the core, the banker steadily builds a more useful bank. And usefulness is what makes commercial banks more important day by day to the whole American economy and the American people.

THE
CHASE
MANHATTAN
BANK

CHARTERED IN 1799

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORP.

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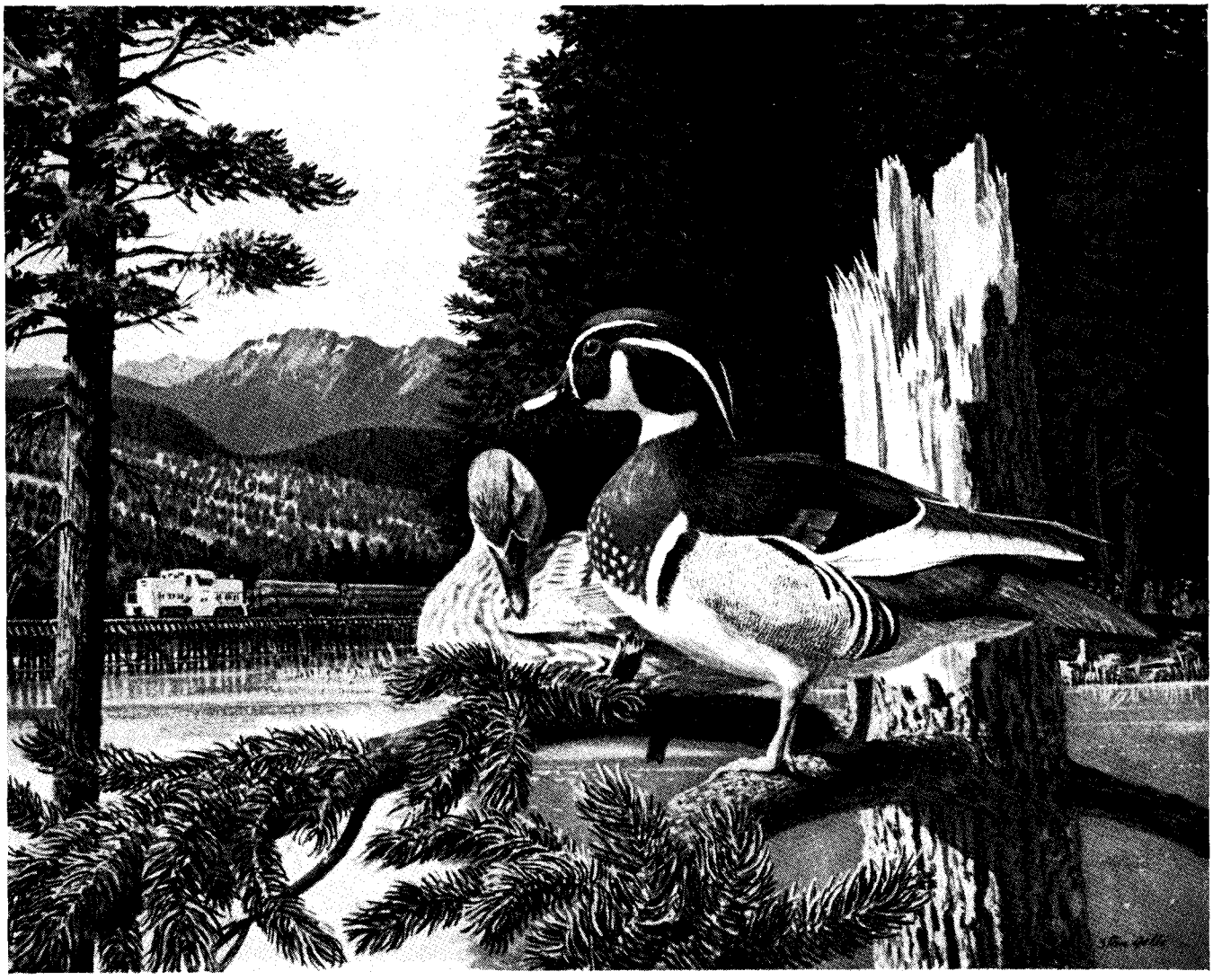
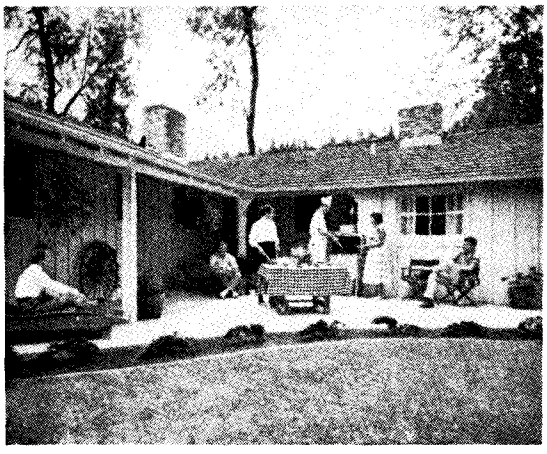
NO. 1 PUBLIC-INTEREST ADVERTISEMENT OF THE YEAR



wood, water and wildlife...products of good forest management

Beautiful homes of wood are still America's best building buy. For fine quality west coast woods, select from the many species marketed nationwide under Weyerhaeuser's 4-Square trademark.



Since pioneer days, the forests of America have been her most versatile natural resource. From them, people everywhere gain an abundance of wood products, game, recreation and other benefits. These values are now being perpetuated on private lands by a system of modern forest management known as tree farming.

On Weyerhaeuser tree farms, through scientific forestry, the land is kept busy growing timber as a crop. The continuous cycles of harvest and reforestation are compatible with the preservation of *all* forest resources. Game birds and animals enjoy excellent forage in open, harvested areas and find shelter in the stands of trees always growing nearby. Rainfall and water are readily retained by the soil to supply lakes, streams and reservoirs. Protection of our forests from insects, fire and disease ensures that these benefits will continue.

Today, properly managed timberlands are far more productive than the unmanaged *wildlands* of our forefathers. Certainly one of their most important values is an endless supply of wood for present and future generations. *For more information, write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for a free booklet,* ***Promise of the Trees.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

making forestlands serve America better by scientific management

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

Printed in U.S.A

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SR's Seventh Annual Advertising Awards

The Image of American Business

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

ONE image of the American economy around the world would certainly be immense energy harnessed to prodigal resources. And here at home one widely held image of the American industrial structure, undoubtedly, would be bigness. In neither case is this image the whole story, for the whole story would encompass a broad spectrum of images from halos to warts.

In this age of communication, when an unceasing and unprecedented struggle is being waged for men's minds, for their attention and their understanding, it is admittedly in the national interest of the United States that our global image be favorable. It is also in our public interest that the role and function of a socio-economic institution as powerful as corporate enterprise not only be scrutinized rigorously in the United States, but that its pivotal place in our democratic economy be understood. The business community is not well served by either uninformed hostility or unquestioning approval.

One creative new approach to public opinion in this country that American business has pioneered, as public opinion analyst Elmo Roper reports on page 37, is the still developing technique of institutional or corporate image advertising. Mr. Roper believes that today the public's attitude toward business in general, or a corporation in particular, can determine the survival of either in our society. A respected peer of his in the the opinion research field, George H. Gallup, also has noted that the survival of a company or an industry rests not only on making a profit, but on public acceptance of corporations as socially responsible institutions.

Both men believe that without such acceptance there finally will be neither profits nor corporations.

This attitude has produced a peculiarly American phenomenon. In no other society, for example, does private enterprise employ paid advertising space to the same extent to further social purposes not directly related to profit. Nor is advertising used, in the modern sense of "full disclosure," to the same extent to promote a better informed, and therefore more sympathetic public understanding of the philosophy, ideas, policies, methods, activities, and aims of corporate leadership. These are all ingredients in the corporate image of social responsibility to which American business so uniquely attaches increasing importance. By and large, the business hierachy of other countries has one singleminded concern, the marketplace.

Because U.S. business believes it has such a fundamental stake in public understanding, it has begun to harness the power of advertising as a communicator, educator, and persuader to shape American attitudes. An understanding of business is in the public interest in this country, and therefore it is essential that this power be used responsibly and imaginatively, to inform, not to conceal; to persuade, but not to distort.

BECAUSE *Saturday Review* is continually concerned with the communications pattern in the United States, it has observed with deep interest the progressive development of advertising as a medium of idea communication, a much more subtle skill even than the communication of news. It was from awareness of this development in institutional advertising that *SR* decided originally it would be in the public interest to recognize distinguished and responsible achieve-

←

TOP AWARD AD: Reproduced at the left is what *SR*'s Seventh Annual Advertising Awards Committee judged to be the most distinguished public-interest advertisement of the year. Voted No. 1 among the 1959 awards, it is an example of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company's notable campaign on scientific tree-farming and conservation as the means of assuring a perpetual supply of wood for America. The original advertisement appeared in full color.

AWARDS COMMITTEE

George V. Allen, *Director, United States Information Agency*
Harry A. Bullis, *Chairman of the Board, General Mills, Inc.*
Leo Burnett, *Chairman of the Board, Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
John H. Casey, *Professor of Journalism and Advertising, University of Oklahoma*
G. D. Crain, Jr., *Publisher,* Advertising Age
John P. Cunningham, *President, Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Ben R. Donaldson, *Advertising Consultant, Ford Motor Company*
John R. Everett, *President, Hollins College*
Reynolds Girdler, *Director of Public Relations and Advertising, Sinclair Oil Corporation*
Robert M. Gray, *Advertising Manager, Esso Standard Oil Corporation*
John W. Hill, *Chairman of the Board, Hill & Knowlton, Inc.*
Joseph Kaselow, *Advertising Editor,* New York Herald Tribune
Harold D. Lasswell, *Professor of Law, Yale University Law School*
William B. Lewis, *President, Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Savoie Lottinville, *Director, University of Oklahoma Press*
Alfred C. Neal, *President, Committee for Economic Development*
Theodore Repplier, *President, The Advertising Council, Inc.*
Elmo Roper, *Public Opinion Consultant, Elmo Roper Associates*
Anna M. Rosenberg, *Anna M. Rosenberg Associates*
Owen B. Smith, *Vice President, Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
Carl Spielvogel, *Advertising Editor,* The New York Times
Willard L. Thompson, *Associate Professor, School of Journalism, University of Oregon*
W. Allen Wallis, *Dean, Graduate School of Business Administration, University of Chicago*
Henry M. Wriston, *President, The American Assembly, Columbia University*

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ment in this field of communication.

SR's 1959 Awards were finally decided by a committee of twenty-four judges, including leading educators, editors, teachers, publishers, and advertising and public-relations executives. It is the affirmed belief of *SR* that their willingness to serve on the committee in itself attests to the provocative importance of institutional advertising in the U.S. communications nexus.

Out of the vast area of general magazine advertising for the past year, a screening and judging process that extended over several months finally filtered out twenty-seven corporations nominated to receive awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest. In addition, the outstanding "Facts about Concer" campaign of The American Cancer Society and the "Mental Health," "Register & Vote," "United Nations," and "Confidence in a Growing America" campaigns of The Advertising Council, the nonprofit, public-service arm of the business and advertising communities, were cited for achievement in the public interest.

Also, seven television and radio programs were cited which, both in content and execution, the judges felt served the public interest.

For only the second time in seven years a Special Citation was voted this year. It was given to Edward R. Murrow of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The full text of the citation is on page 42.

The top seven advertising campaigns to receive the most votes from the Awards committee in the very close balloting were the following:

1. Weyerhaeuser Timber Company
2. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
3. New York Life Insurance Company
4. Ford Motor Company (Safe driving)
5. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico
6. Container Corporation of America
7. United States Steel Corporation

Details of the various advertising awards and citations are given in the boxes on the accompanying pages. Several of the winning advertisements also are reproduced.

Something in the neighborhood of 300 campaigns were screened. The competition was so keen this year that ninety-eight campaigns survived into the final voting.

Corporate advertising is a powerful social force. It is therefore in the public interest that the achievements of those who use this force creatively and responsibly be recognized. It is also in the public interest that this tremendous power discharge its responsibility to keep our citizenry informed about the aims and methods of U.S. business, the prime mover in our national economy. For a large corporation is not only big, it is today a quasi-public institution, discharging a private trust in the public interest. Toward that end of constructively binding the private interest to the public interest, the 1959 *Saturday Review* Awards have been given.

SEVENTH ANNUAL SR AWARDS: There follow in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-seven advertisers who won the *Saturday Review's* Seventh Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies which prepared the winning campaigns:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Chase Manhattan Bank	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy, Benson and Mather, Inc.*
Container Corp. of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Corning Glass Works	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
Esso Research and Engineering Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Ford Motor Co. (Institutional)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Ford Motor Co. (Safe Driving)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
General Electric Co.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
Guaranty Trust Company	*Albert Frank-Guenther Law, Inc.*
Institute of Life Insurance	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
International Business Machines	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Kopper's Co., Inc.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
Macmillan Co.	*J. M. Hickerson, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Newsweek	*J. M. Hickerson, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Parke-Davis & Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Prudential Insurance Company	*Reach, McClinton & Co.*
Sinclair Oil Corp.	*Morey, Humm & Warwick, Inc.*
E. R. Squibb & Sons	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
United Fruit Co.	*Wendell P. Colton Co.*
United States Steel Corp.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
Warner and Swasey Co.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
Weyerhaeuser Timber Co.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
Special Mentions:	
The Advertising Council:	
Confidence in a Growing America	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Mental Health	*Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles, Inc.*
Register, Vote & Contribute	*Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.*
U.S. Committee for the U.N.	*Ben Sackheim, Inc.*
Vote	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
American Cancer Society, Inc.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*

Because of the closeness of the voting in the Committee of Judges, twelve runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

COMPANY	AGENCY
America's Independent Electric Light & Power Companies	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
British Travel Association	*Ogilvy, Benson and Mather, Inc.*
Equitable Life Assurance Society	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
General Motors Corp.	*D. P. Brother & Co.*
Gulf Oil Corp.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp.	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Maryland Casualty Co.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
Minneapolis Star & Tribune	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
New York Stock Exchange	*Calkins & Holden, Inc.*
Pfizer & Co.	*MacManus, John & Adams, Inc.*
Rand-McNally & Co.	*Calkins & Holden, Inc.*
Westinghouse Electric Corp.	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*

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The Tales They Tell Tell the Tale

By ELMO ROPER

WHETHER Commodore Vanderbilt ever said, "The public be damned," or whether the story is apocryphal, it is certainly true that much of American business of his day was actually operated on the philosophy that the public had no conceivable right to know how the corporate life of America was lived.

We have come a long way since those days. Fortunately, the progress is not just because the Government established more stringent rules to protect the public from exploitation. It has also come about by reason of the emergence of an entirely new concept of corporate responsibility by the men who are managing most of our major corporations.

I am happy to say that the field of opinion research has helped clarify the situation for the businessman. There was a time when it was commonly assumed that the American public was opposed to bigness in business. Nothing could be further from the current truth. The average American admires bigness and he particularly likes bigness in business, if there are present two all-important ingredients—genuine competition and a feeling that there is "full disclosure." What the public is really fearful of is not bigness itself, but the potential misuse of the power that bigness makes possible.

This power makes possible long-range planning for the good of the corporation, which in turn contributes to the long term good of the economy at large. In the same sense, bigness also makes possible the vast research programs of modern industry, running to billions of dollars, which create new or better products or methods and thus help ensure a rising standard of living for all in America.

This is what might be called the good image of bigness, the responsible use of power.

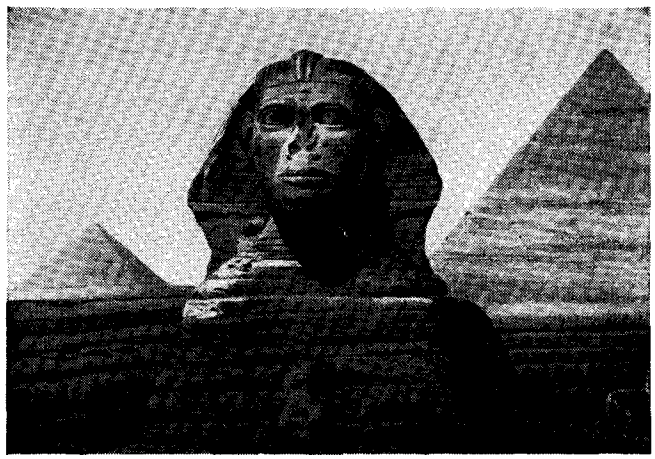
Conversely, a bad image can be associated with bigness in the public's mind if there is any suspicion of monopoly or price fixing, if there is repeated difficulty with labor unions or the Government, if there is any doubt that the policy of "full disclosure" is being observed in place of corporate secrecy, or if the impression is allowed to grow that an industry or corporation is raising prices unjustifiably.

There has been in general a tremendous change in the public's outlook on business, and perhaps the clearest proof of that change lies in the fact that during the recent recession there was very little tendency to make a scapegoat of business. When people were asked last year what was the most important recession remedy, the finger was pointed at Government and at labor; only 18 per cent of the public saw action by business as central to the solution of the country's economic problems.

There was a time when the average American's picture of the average corporate board was that of a small group of men, possessed of great power, meeting behind locked doors for the purpose of making decisions that could have only one effect—their own enrichment at the expense of the public.

Some of the corporate reports being issued today would have caused the business tycoons of Commodore Vanderbilt's day to shudder. I am not arguing that every corporate report issued today tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but I do think most of them do.

Stockholders' meetings are well advertised, held in easily accessible places and all stockholders are urged to attend and ask questions. Firms doing an international business, such



Why is ARTHRITIS called "the Sphinx of diseases"?

ARTHRITIS has been likened to the ancient Sphinx. For arthritis, no less than the Sphinx, is still strange and mysterious in many ways.

For example, the *exact* cause of some types of arthritis remains unknown. Nor do doctors fully understand why it flares up in certain patients and smoulders or develops gradually in others . . . why treatment beneficial for one victim may not help another . . . why rheumatoid arthritis strikes women three times as often as men.

Despite such mysteries, when proper treatment is started early . . . or before the affected body joints have been severely damaged . . . there is great likelihood of lasting relief and marked improvement.

Proper treatment for arthritis and other rheumatic diseases . . . affecting about eleven million Americans 14 years of age and older . . . must be based on the needs of the *individual* patient.

This is because arthritis occurs in many forms, each of which requires special management. Yet, many people brush aside treatment prescribed by their doctors to seek some cure promising quick and complete recovery. *There is no such thing.*

At least 50 forms of arthritis are known to medical science. But only two of the forms together make up more than seventy percent of all rheumatic complaints. These are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis.*

Osteoarthritis, or degenerative joint disease, begins as a rule in the thirties or forties as part of the process of aging. It usually attacks joints that undergo greatest wear and tear.

Under proper medical care, a great deal can be done to lessen discomfort and reduce further damage to joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis may be more serious. Though it involves the joints, it also affects the body. Moreover, it strikes in the prime of life, generally between 20 and 50.

If neglected, rheumatoid arthritis can cause severe crippling. But if it is diagnosed early and treatment is faithfully followed, many patients can be spared disability and helped considerably.

If the disease does not yield to treatment, rehabilitation can often help a handicapped individual continue a useful life.

If your joints become sore, stiff, painful or swollen, consult your doctor . . . and always avoid self-treatment. The sooner you seek his help, the better your chances to head off trouble.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
A MUTUAL COMPANY
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10, N.Y.
Please mail me a free copy of your booklet "*Arthritis*," 000-X.
Name
Street
City State

TOP PUBLIC SERVICE AD: Reproduced above is the advertisement named by the awards judges as a leading example of public service advertising. Part of the distinguished "health" series of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, this campaign for many years has effectively discussed health and disease in constructive, informative and sober terms in a way to make a marked contribution to broad public understanding of this important area of personal and family concern.

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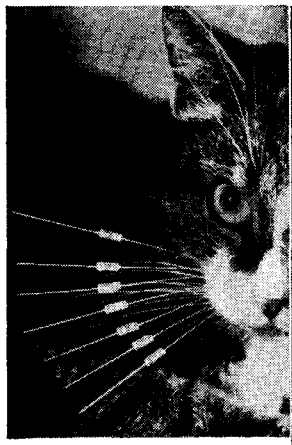
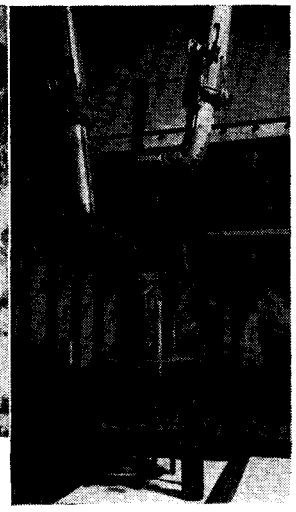
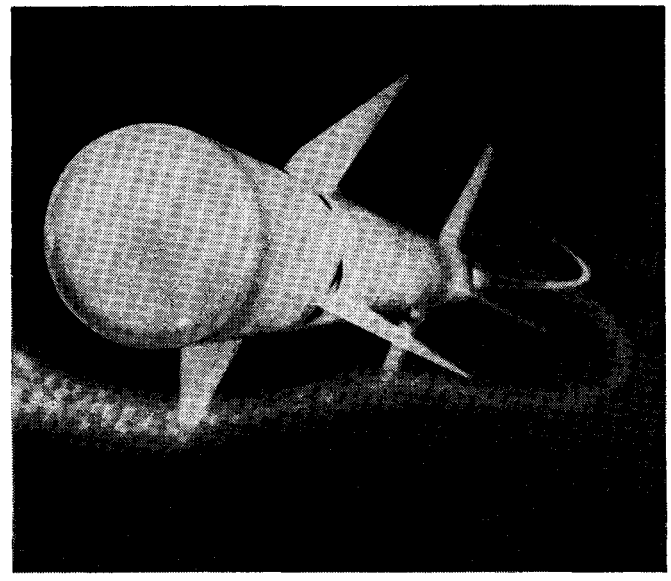


Glass keeps cat's whiskers dry. Corning has developed a new way to mass-produce short lengths of small glass tubing accurate to a few thousandths of an inch. This material was found to be perfect for encasing new miniature diodes. These tiny devices—a lot like the cat's whiskers and crystals of old radio sets—are used to replace vacuum tubes in certain jobs. And once hermetically sealed in their glass cases, they're tough, compact, and they almost never wear out.



Getting a safe, direct look at radioactive materials was once a big problem for atom scientists—until Corning developed its special radiation-shielding windows. Made of 10"-thick blocks of leaded glass fitted together, these windows can contain over 50% lead and stop as much radiation as steel or concrete. Yet you can see through them more clearly than through the finest sunglasses. These massive polished castings are some of the largest that have ever been made.



Never missiles that can't miss. Two of the most accurate air-to-air missiles ever devised are the Sidewinder and the Falcon. Both of them "see" by sensing heat and, once released, will chase right up an enemy jet's tail pipe. They were made possible by Corning's development of a remarkable glass nose dome. Optically accurate, the dome lets through the particular infrared heat waves needed for the missiles to "home on." And it's tough enough to withstand the extreme temperatures generated by supersonic flight. Today Corning is making glasses that transmit or block all kinds of rays—from ultraviolet to atomic radiation!

Our research has shown that the uses of glass are almost limitless. Perhaps there is some way we can put our knowledge to work for you. If you'd like to find out, simply write Director of Marketing, Corning Glass Works, 14 Houghton Park, Corning, N. Y. (We'd also be delighted to have you visit the Corning Glass Center at Corning.)

CORNING...can do almost anything with glass

CORNING GLASS WORKS
CORNING MEANS RESEARCH IN GLASS

as Standard Oil (N.J.) are meticulous about apprising the State Department of any actions they are taking or contemplating that could have even an indirect effect on international relations.

Equally important has been the rise of what is loosely known as "institutional advertising." So well has the modern businessman learned his lesson that he has sought out ways of telling more and more about his company to more and more people, and institutional advertising has today achieved a position of importance, influence and respect.

Practically everyone connected with American business, directly or indirectly, is a self-appointed "expert" on institutional advertising, and the writer claims to be no more or less expert than the average of these thousands of other authorities. It is hard to set up really good standards for expertness in this field because less is known about the communication of ideas than about the communication of news, for example.

Fortunately, institutional advertising or corporate image advertising has recently been getting a good deal of attention, not only from advertising agencies but from researchers and several branches of the social sciences —in fact, from most people interested in any aspect of idea communication.

(We might note that for the purpose of this article institutional public relations, or corporate image advertising is defined as the use of paid space or time for the purpose of persuading people to accept certain ideas or give up others. For this discussion I shall stick within the framework of that definition, although there is much evidence that a good product is the best corporate image advertising that any manufacturer can have.)

Marketing research has proven conclusively that some products are bought not because they are thought by the buyers to have a superiority over a competing product, but because the buyer approves of the conduct of the corporation that makes the product. In one instance we traced 5 per cent of a large corporation's total volume directly to the belief that the company was an excellent corporate citizen; fair to its employes, honest with the Government, and interested in giving better values, even though at the time of the study they were not regarded by this particular 5 per cent of their market as actually giving quite as good values at that time as certain competitors did.

In another instance, the meat industry some years ago was having its

PUBLIC SERVICE CAMPAIGNS: In the balloting for the over-all Awards for Public Interest Advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the Public Service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, Public Relations and Corporate.

COMPANY	AGENCY
Container Corp. of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Ford Motor Co. (Safe Driving)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Institute of Life Insurance	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Macmillan Co.	*J. M. Hickerson, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Newsweek	*J. M. Hickerson, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Sinclair Oil Corp.	*Morey, Humm & Warwick, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Timber Co.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

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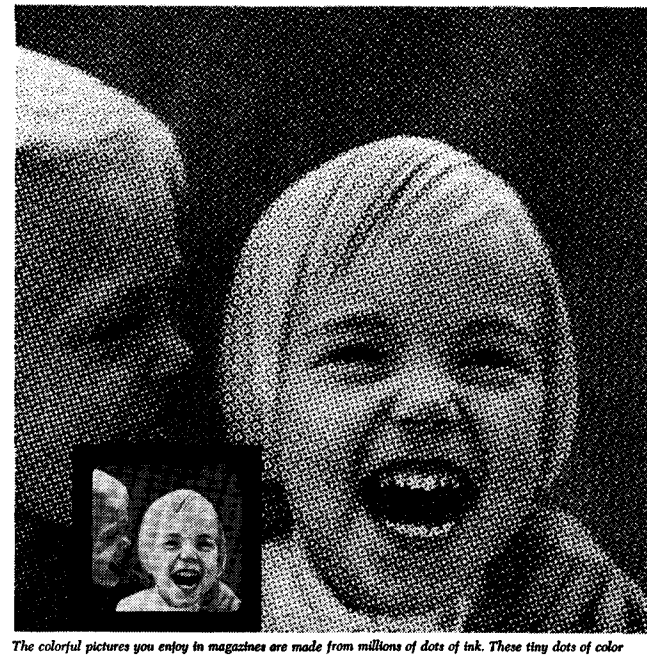
ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

How oil helps pictures like this come to life



The colorful pictures you enjoy in magazines are made from millions of dots of ink. These tiny dots of color (enlarged eight times in the picture above) can be made sharper and clearer today and the pictures brighter. One big reason? A superior ink solvent developed from oil by Esso Research. From brighter pictures to better gasolines, **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil.*

Esso

TOP CORPORATE ADS: For the first time this year two campaigns tied in the voting of the judges in the special category of Corporate advertising. In an exceptionally strong field, the top ballots went to the Corning Glass Works and to the Esso Research and Engineering Company. Originally in full color, the Corning campaign, which also won in this category last year, dramatizes the research and development role of Corning in creating versatile types of glass for an increasing number of consumer and industrial uses. Also created in color, the Esso Research campaign tells a continuing story of the varied achievements of their research program in finding diversified new uses for oil, as well as improving their basic petroleum products.

problems. The per-capita consumption of meat was declining, and the industry wanted to know why—and what they could do about it. Research revealed that when it came to meat, most people knew they liked it, but they didn't know much about the values of meat. Although it was considered the most satisfying and appetite-tempting of foods, that was where its virtues stopped, in most people's minds. Most people failed to name it as the best source of protein, and it was way down the public's list as a source of vitamins.

Actually, of course, meat is an extremely good source of protein, full of vitamins, and on the whole, a highly nutritious form of food. So an advertising campaign was adapted to the research findings, including such phrases as "Meat is the yardstick of protein value," which was used for several years. Later we conducted a follow-up study to see whether or not the advertising was having an impact. We found that indeed it was, with an increasing number of people becoming aware of the concentrated food value that meat represented. The gradual rise in the public's meat-eating rate was the final evidence that a folklore of suspicion and ignorance had largely given way to accurate and widespread information about meat value.

A good product, in its turn, as noted above, very often serves as a canopy, which protects the creator of the product from what is sometimes perfectly proper criticism of some of his practices. But this is not dependably so. For the purposes of this discussion we must also take cognizance of the theory that the public judges business concerns not only as makers or distributors of products or services but as citizens of the community (or nation) in which they operate.

In the first judgment, quality of the product, price of the product, constant improvement of the product by research, and a number of other factors enter. In the second, judgment, the public is concerned with how good an employer the businessman is, how much and how readily he pays what they regard as his fair share of the tax load, how he cooperates on a number of what might be regarded as minor as well as major "citizen roles." (Smoke elimination is one example. Another could be better schools, highway safety or conservation.)

The second judgment above is governed importantly by institutional or corporate image advertising and does have an effect on product acceptance —a definite, provable effect—but it goes far beyond that. It performs the all important function of supplying knowledge, and more knowledge, in turn, has an effect on attitudes. In a very real sense this corporate image

CORPORATE CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Chase Manhattan Bank	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Corning Glass Works	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
Esso Research & Engineering Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Ford Motor Co. (Institutional)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Gulf Oil Corp.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
International Business Machines	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Kopper's Co., Inc.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
Maryland Casualty Co.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
Prudential Insurance Co.	*Reach, McClinton, Inc.*
United States Steel Corp.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
Weyerhaeuser Timber Co.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

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Girl by a gate —in old San Juan

TIME STANDS STILL in this Puerto Rican patio. That weathered escutcheon bears the Royal Arms of Spain. You might have stepped back three centuries. In a sense, you have.

You start to wonder. Can this really be the Puerto Rico everybody is talking about? Is this the island where American industry is now expanding at the rate of three new plants a week? Is this truly the scene of a twentieth-century renaissance? Ask any proud Puerto Rican. He will surely answer—yes.

Within minutes from this patio, you will see the signs. Some are spectacular. The new hotels, the four-lane highways, the landscaped apartments. And some are down-to-earth. A tractor in a field, a village clinic, a shop that sells refrigerators. Note all these things. But, above all, *meet the people.*

Renaissance has a way of breeding remarkable men. Men of industry who can also love poetry. Men of courage who can also be tender. Men of vision who can also respect the past. Make a point of talking to these twentieth-century Puerto Ricans.

It won't be long before you appreciate the deeper significance of Puerto Rico's renaissance. You'll begin to understand why men like Pablo Casals and Juan Ramón Jiménez (the Nobel Prize poet) have gone there to live.

© 1958—Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

◀ *How to find this patio in old San Juan. Ask for the City Hall. They call it the Ayuntamiento, in Spanish. Walk straight through this 17th Century building and there is your patio. Our photograph was taken by Elliott Erwitt.*

TOP PUBLIC RELATIONS AD: For the third consecutive year the awards judges voted first honors to the campaign of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico in the special category of public relations. Created in full color, the Puerto Rico campaign is designed to present the many-faceted appeals and advantages of the island's life, culture and economy to persons on the mainland who are contemplating visiting, living or working there.

advertising is the *only* way the average person can gain any knowledge of the philosophy that lies behind the corporation's conduct.

Institutional advertising has done much to change the public's concept of corporate boards from an image of money hungry men meeting secretly behind locked doors to plot their own enrichment to one of able citizens living in a goldfish bowl and willing and able to defend their actions as being in the public interest. This is not to say that the public has no lingering doubts about corporate behavior, nor is it to say that this is an entirely accurate picture of every corporate board in America, because obviously it is not. It is, however, a picture of a majority of the larger ones and as the custom grows of telling a straightforward, full and complete story through institutional advertising, of how a corporation lives and thinks and makes its decisions, it will be true of even more of them.

It is not enough, however, merely to want to tell this story or even to tell it well. In the decision to use corporate image advertising, three major questions present themselves immediately. They are:

What is the target audience for the message? What is the message? What are the best media?

The target group naturally varies with the problem. Sometimes it is the companies' stockholders. Sometimes the nation's lawmakers. Sometimes the nation's writers and journalists, or doctors and teachers. Sometimes the leaders of labor or the leaders of religious thought.

Let us assume here, however, that the target group is America as a whole—or perhaps, *effective* America would be a better description. But the

PUBLIC RELATIONS CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners follows:

COMPANY	AGENCY
British Travel Association	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Container Corp. of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
General Electric Co.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Minneapolis Star & Tribune	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Parke-Davis & Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
E. R. Squibb & Sons	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
United Fruit Co.	*Wendell P. Colton Co.*
Warner and Swasey Co.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
Weyerhaeuser Timber Co.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

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acceptance of this as the target group does not necessarily mean that the message—whatever it is—ought to be directly beamed at the people as a whole. Sometimes, yes, but very rarely. I should like to make the point that ideas often penetrate the public as a whole slowly, and most often by interaction of neighbor on neighbor without any apparent influence of the printed word.

Without any "apparent" influence of the printed word, for I think there is a solid body of persuasive evidence that the broad public audience comes to accept ideas more readily from their more active, alert or informed neighbors, and that in turn these active neighbors are more apt to accept ideas from the recognized disseminators of ideas, facts and opinions, whether public leaders or thoughtful publications.

IF ONE is prepared to accept the concept that there are many economic and sociological ideas which are so complicated that they might never be fully explained to the general public, or if explainable to them at all, would have to be stated in such simple language as to insure that the more literally sophisticated of the "active" neighbors or accepted idea disseminators would never read them, I think the delineation of the target group becomes easier.

In the final analysis, the institutional advertiser may be chiefly interested in the broad mass of the public, but it seems to me that if his message is new, strange or in any way involved, his immediate problem is that of directing a message to the central group or idea or opinion disseminators in language they understand and respect and in a medium they understand and respect.

This means also that the all too frequently followed custom of "talking to himself" should be avoided. It is an unfortunate waste of money, but apparently a hard lesson to learn.

A few words, then, about what is said in these advertisements may be in order. Just as it's a waste of money to spend the advertiser's dollar extolling the nonexistent virtues of a product, so also is it a waste of money in institutional advertising to lay claims to virtues which the advertiser does not possess. It's simply no good to try to convince people, for example, that you are fair and decent to your employes if you're not. There are other channels of communication and other communicators who will show that claim up for what it is.

Probably the least thought has been given to the question of media—or perhaps I should say the least satis-

SR's TV AND RADIO CITATIONS: There follow the details of the seven television and radio programs cited by *Saturday Review's* 1959 Awards Committee for distinguished achievement in the public interest.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — NBC NEWS — NBC-TV AND RADIO
"For independence of editorial opinion and willingness to comment sharply, often courageously, on news of the day. The team of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley has continued to perform responsibly at a general level much above what passes for news coverage elsewhere, being unafraid to ruffle feathers, take an editorial position or express viewpoints that by television standards are often provocative."

ALLSTATE INSURANCE CO.
AMERICAN GAS ASSN.
BRISTOL MYERS CO.
CHEMSTRAND CORP.
ELGIN WATCH CO.
FORD MOTOR CO. — **"PLAYHOUSE 90"** — **CBS-TV**
KIMBERLY-CLARK CORP.
PHILIP MORRIS, INC.
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS
PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
THE NATIONAL CARBON CO.
"For a serious dramatic show, prepared to invest substantial sums in big, live drama, for contributing some of television's finest moments of the year."

THE TEXAS COMPANY — THE METROPOLITAN OPERA — CBS-RADIO
"For faithful devotion year after year to the music-loving public of the United States, and for a willingness to maintain a high standard of musical taste despite advice from the marketplace to turn to more 'popular' radio fare."

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORP.
RENAULT, INC. — **"SMALL WORLD"** — **CBS-TV**
"For creating the best new program of the year, for breaking through the parochial barriers of geography, participants and subject matter to establish a vital relationship between television and the real world in which the American people live."

LINCOLN DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR CO. — **LEONARD BERNSTEIN AND THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA** — **CBS-RADIO**
"For a masterful display in a mass medium of the art of teaching understanding and appreciation of great music, for proving that education, entertainment and impeccable taste are not necessarily incompatible."

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY — "THE MOISEYEV DANCERS" — CBS-TV
"For giving the American people a memorable artistic experience, for the judgment and showmanship of Ed Sullivan in devoting the entire hour of his program to a presentation of Russia's unique folk dancers to a nationwide audience, a feat of broad-scale cultural communication that is one of television's unique powers."

CANADIAN KODAK CO.
DERBY FOODS, INC.
WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS
GENERAL FOODS CORP.
GENERAL MILLS, INC. — **"DISNEYLAND"** — **ABC-TV**
HILLS BROS. COFFEE, INC.
KELLOGG CO.
PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.
REYNOLDS METALS CO.
SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LTD.
"For continuing to destroy the stereotyped myth that children will not watch a first-class show, for programs which are consistently skilful, impressive and imaginative, instead of vulgar, violent or silly."

The following programs were runners-up in the close voting:

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM — "THE U.N. IN ACTION" — CBS-TV

CHRYSLER CORPORATION — "AN EVENING WITH FRED ASTAIRE" — NBC-TV

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" — NBC-TV

"OPERA WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN"
ALUMINIUM, LTD. — **"BACH WITH BERNSTEIN"**
UNION CARBIDE CORP. — **"LA PERICHOLE"** — **NBC-TV**

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
"OUR CHILDREN AND THEIR SCHOOLS" — NBC-TV

CONSOLIDATED CIGAR SALES CO., INC.
JOHNSON MOTORS — **"BOB HOPE IN MOSCOW"** — **NBC-TV**

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HIGH FIDELITY
metrojazz
a product of M-G-M Records

MEMO

TO: All jazz fans, (past, present and potential).

Care to catch a jazz concert tonight?

SUBJECT: THE SEVEN AGES OF JAZZ
(DeLuxe Album 2-E 1009).

BILLIE HOLIDAY will lend her exquisitely languid tones to "Lover Man".

COLEMAN HAWKINS' tenor sax will display its luster on "If I Could Be With You".

BUCK CLAYTON, prince of the muted trumpet, will recall "Blue and Sentimental".

MAXINE SULLIVAN will revisit the banks of "Loch Lomond".

BROWNIE McGHEE will be on hand with spiritual, folk and blues songs.

DICK HYMAN recreating piano styles from Hines to Garner.

DON ELLIOTT in his famous vibraphone impressions.

GEORGIE AULD and six other Goodman alumni in Benny's "Stompin' at the Savoy".

WILLIE "THE LION" SMITH playing "Maple Leaf Rag".

Never before has there been a live, in-person concert album (nor any other jazz history LP) like this two-record set.

"THE SEVEN AGES OF JAZZ" was conceived and narrated by LEONARD FEATHER, author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz".

We leave you with two words:

DON'T MISS!

SPECIAL CITATION: To Edward R. Murrow *for focussing symbolically in his person and career the great crisis of the television industry at a time of national need for enlightenment when self-examination by those who control the tremendous television medium is most urgent and necessary; for his notable speech to the industry on its responsibility to inform as well as entertain the American people at a time when this nation is in a death struggle for survival; for his repeated proven capacity to create shows on both television and radio that stretch the mind of his audience while also informing and interesting them; and for personifying in large measure what television could and should be as a medium of public communication in the United States.*

factory conclusions have been arrived at in this area.

I would like to argue that what we might call here "class media" have been used far too little for institutional advertising. A sober, serious television show which is deliberately designed to attract a thoughtful "communicator" audience even at the expense of its over-all rating would certainly provide a better atmosphere for institutional advertising than would the hurly-burly attendant on a televised baseball game or boxing match, however much higher the "rating" might be. The same, of course, would apply to radio. In the printed media I should like to point out that there are certain magazines which command the respect of the influential disseminator target group; they expect to find things of interest to them in that magazine; they expect to find a sober, serious argument couched in language which "speaks up" to them rather than "talks down."

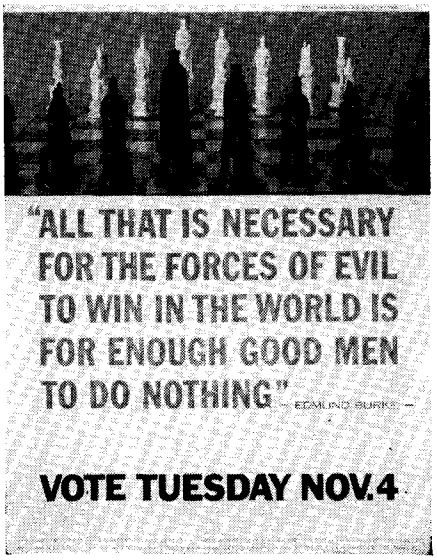
There is a good deal of evidence that the environment around a message is a powerful influence on the effectiveness of the message. The institutional advertising might well give thought to the mood which the medium induces in the desired audience.

In short, it seems to me that more attention should be given to the problem of having the message couched in language appropriate to the media and both the message and the media selected with the most potent and reachable target group in mind.

The medium selected should be one which, by reason of its editorial content, commands the respect of a large number of the target group and, where possible, should be one which the respondent turns to when in a mood to listen to sober, thoughtful argument or discussion.

Thus the corporation using institutional advertising responsibly and imaginatively will reach the central target group, the tellers, whose social function of disseminating ideas, opinions and facts into the body politic at large, will eventually enable them to tell the tale of the corporation to the American people as usefully and constructively as it deserves.

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING: One of the top examples of voluntary public service advertising selected by the judges is reproduced at right. Created by Young & Rubicam, it focuses attention on the importance in a democratic society of citizens voting on election day. This is on one of many public service advertising themes endorsed and sponsored by The Advertising Council. Many public service messages have been carried to the American public on behalf of better public schools, highway safety, supporting the United Nations, cancer prevention, etc. by national magazines, newspapers and radio and television stations who contributed free space or time for Council-approved projects. The massive act of public communication carried out through The Advertising Council's program is indicated by the annual audience such advertising messages reach: some 12 billion TV and radio home impressions and nearly 9 billion newspaper readers, plus comparable billions of magazine readers.


"ALL THAT IS NECESSARY FOR THE FORCES OF EVIL TO WIN IN THE WORLD IS FOR ENOUGH GOOD MEN TO DO NOTHING"
EDMUND BURKE
VOTE TUESDAY NOV. 4

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

More and More of Moore—Hoiby's "Scarf"

THIS was a week of sweet fulfillment for Douglas Moore, not only for the resumption in the New York City Center of his "Ballad of Baby Doe," but also for the restoration to its American repertory season of "The Devil and Daniel Webster" a few days short of twenty years since it was first given on May 18, 1939. There was recent occasion to comment on the quality of that score in the aftermath of its first recording, but the excellent effort under the direction of Max Goberman suggests that all of us have been remiss in not urging its wider performance long before this.

It's well worth considering, however, whether a good part of the appeal of "The Devil and Daniel Webster" is not inherent in the superb script of Stephen Vincent Benét, which is much too fine a piece of creation to be called a libretto. It proves beyond question that writing can be folksy without being banal, and eloquent without being high-flown. With such a capable singing-actor as Walter Cassel to make himself over into the image of a youthful Daniel Webster (suggesting, at the same time, more than a little of the quality that Edward Arnold conveyed to his portrayal in the admirable film on the same subject called "All that Money Can Buy") there is believability in the basic premise from the start—namely that "two good New Hampshiremen" (the other being Jabez Stone portrayed by Joshua Hecht) "are a match for the Devil any day." For my part, I think Webster-Cassel could have done it on his own, without any assistance from Jabez.

It rarely falls to the lot of a composer to have a privilege like "The Devil and Daniel Webster" twice in a lifetime, but it is hard to imagine another composer who could have done more with it than Moore (Bernard Herrmann's Oscar-winning effort for the film was primarily instrumental, taken from another approach). He is almost defiantly resolute in working his own vein of musical materials, derived from folk sources, hymnal tunes and a discriminating view of such operatic models as Wagner and Strauss. Not much American music since 1939 has said as much so succinctly as "I've got a ram, Goliath," nor has another composer handled a dramatic situation better than Moore's treatment of the jury of renegades, traitors, and cut throats who are, ultimately, cut to size by Webster's—and the combined Moore-Benét—eloquence.

In addition to the superb effort of Cassel as Webster and the strong one of Hecht as Stone, the current revival is deep in debt to Norman Kelley for the vivacity and artistry of his impersonation of the Devil-derived Mr. Scratch. When he has the upper hand of a "legal" contract for Stone's soul, Kelley is properly overbearing, and when he is eventually vanquished, he cowers with all the cravenness customarily attributed to evil undone. Adelaide Bishop was an appealing Mary Stone, who doubtless will sound better when she is not contending against the common malaise dubbed virus. Rouben Ter-Arutunian has solved the scenic problem well, and John Houseman's direction was valiantly indifferent to the mechanical limitations of the City's Center stage.

HOWEVER the evening was only half a victory for the efforts of man (and woman) to triumph over the appeals of sorcery, for it began with the first New York performance of Lee Hoiby's "The Scarf" (with a libretto by Harry Duncan derived from a story of Chekhov) which was introduced to Europe at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto last summer. Here the devilish bargain is invoked by Miriam, a farmer's wife, in order to bring back to her a stalwart postman who has blundered into their home of a blizzardly evening, and who is being put back on the highway by her elderly, unappealing husband. Which one comes back with the scarf (into which she has woven magic spells) would be impolite to reveal, but it does suggest that, in certain Russian situations, both virtue and vice can be served simultaneously.

Hoiby's treatment of this problem is technically resourceful and musically considerate of such needs as vocal line and verbal inflection. Unfortunately a good dramatic anecdote has been expanded into a minor epic at an hour's length, something in which a Puccini—the artistic dean of this school of operatic horror—would never indulge. The composer's excellent sense of vocal-instrumental relationship could amount to much in the future, given a surer sense of proportion and a more strongly personal melodic idiom than he now commands. Patricia Neway gave a powerful performance of the woman's part, with John Druary as her husband, and Richard Cross as the vagrant cause of her fantasies. Ter-Arutunian's design was worthy of admiration in this instance also, and Kirk Browning (best known for his work with the NBC-TV Opera Theater) showed that he is as adept a dramatic director without camera as with. Russell Starges conducted efficiently.

AS a leavening of "entertainment" among the more purposeful efforts of Moore and Hoiby, Kurt Weill's "Street Scene" doubtless has its place in the City Opera's current repertory, but the passage of a dozen years since it was new hasn't molded its elements into a better blend than they first possessed. Between the cliches of the story (of the "Is it hot enough for you?" variety) and the contrivances of the score (opera seria, opera comique and let's-kick-it-around-for-the-out-of-town-buyers) it shows Weill's all-too-ready willingness to transform a talent he could live with into a commodity he could live by. Operatic satire, of the drugstore septet variety, is very good, as is a jazz dance of the "Moon-faced, Starry-eyed" stripe. But they jar, jangle and jolt in swift succession.

The large cast which included such able musical citizens as William Chapman in a Humphrey Bogartish portrayal of Frank Maurrant, Elisabeth Carron (an emergency substitution for Wilma Spence) as his wife, Helena Scott as their daughter Rose, David Poleri as her boyfriend Sam, and Ruth Kobart, Beatrice Krebs, Dolores Mari and Howard Fried as "neighbors," deserved almost unqualified praise. Its excellent integration under the musical direction of Samuel Krachmalnick and the stage supervision of Herbert Machiz was something of which artistic director Julius Rudel could be proud.

Leonard Bernstein's composer-of-the-week was Kenneth Gaburo, whose "Elegy" showed conviction of feeling, a discriminating attitude toward the twelve-tone procedure in which he works, and a little miscalculation of the length at which both are tenable. Glenn Gould was piano soloist in a closely worked-out, somewhat prissily over-disciplined performance of Mozart's C minor (K.491) piano concerto which sounded better (via radio) when the prodigy's enactment of the music was unseen.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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"BLOCKBUSTER" —Kerr, Herald Tribune —Watts, N. Y. Post

"One of Tennessee Williams' finest dramas." —Atkinson, Times

"Broadway's new champion. A spellbinder." DON'T MISS IT. —Walter Winchell

PAUL NEWMAN GERALDINE PAGE
SIDNEY BLACKMER
in
Sweet Bird of Youth
A New Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN

PRICES (Tax Incl.): All Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. and Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Suggest alternate dates.

MARTIN BECK THEATRE
302 W. 45th St., N. Y. 36

"SURE-FIRE ENTERTAINMENT!" —LIFE MAG.
THE WORLD OF
SUSIE WONG
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs.: $2.90, 3.45, 4.05, 4.60, 5.75, 6.90; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $2.30, 2.90, 3.45, 4.05, 4.60.
BROADHURST THEATRE 235 W. 44th St., N. Y. 36

"HILARIOUS ENTERTAINMENT." —Atkinson, Times
LA PLUME DE MA TANTE
the new musical hit
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs.: $8.05, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 2.90, 2.
ROYALE THEATRE 242 West 45th St. N. Y. 36

"DAZZLING DELIGHT!" —WALTER WINCHELL
FLOWER DRUM SONG
THE NEW MUSICAL
ST. JAMES, 44 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD and DORE SCHARY present
RALPH BELLAMY
SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO
by DORE SCHARY
with MARY FICKETT • HENRY JONES
Directed by VINCENT J. DONEHUE
Air Cond. CORT THEA. 138 W. 48 St.

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Laugh, Soundman, Laugh

SID CAESAR recently used a laugh machine on a comedy show, which he taped in advance for presentation on NBC in May. The laugh machine, one of the TV industry's newest technological triumphs, was the first to be imported to NBC, New York, from Hollywood, where the device has been steadily gaining customers among the showmen. The machine, when operated by a skilled technician, is capable of supplying, on instant demand, a subtle spectrum of audiences in the throes of genuine laughter ranging from the tentative, expectant titter to the uproarious and sustained belly-laugh. It also serves applause. An important consideration affecting the comedian's decision to use the machine was the fact that his show was to be performed in an NBC studio in Brooklyn—an old motion-picture barn. The quantity and quality of the local studio audience that would attend was a highly risky factor. If the weather were poor; if the audience were unsophisticated, morose, or from Missouri—the degree of its laughter on the air might be anywhere from debilitated to disastrous.

An immediate inference that Caesar, TV's first indigenous comedian, depended on that elusive but crucial element of *rapport* with his audience is erroneous. Actually, when the show was taped in Brooklyn, he did not even hear the laugh machine laughing on the studio floor through loudspeakers. Neither did the studio audience hear it. The control room heard it; TV viewers will hear it in May. What the comedian did hear was the accurately predicted laughter of the small, inadequately responsive Brooklyn audience. Maxwell Russell, the veteran NBC sound technician who operated the laugh-machine that night, said he used it "to a fare thee well." When he listened to a play-back the next day he found the laughter "fantastically successful."

NBC policy (as at the other networks) was never to "dupe" the public by "misrepresenting" recordings, applause or laughter. When the time was psychologically and economically ripe, McKenzie Electronics Company, a West Coast firm, produced the laugh machine. It is a gadget about the size of a fat suitcase standing up. Behind thin, hardware-drawer panels, small reels of tape revolve in perpetual three- to six-and-one-half-second loops. Each reel is marked to describe the specific kind of laughter it provides. The control panel is a small wood block with ten buttons, five stop and five go. Press the go button and the machine keeps repeating the appropriate laugh cycle ad infinitum. Press stop and the laugh stops at the completion of the brief cycle.

Soundman Russell commented that when he reported at the Brooklyn studio for the Sid Caesar show—no one in charge gave him any instructions on how to integrate the laugh machine into the program. He followed the rehearsals, marked his script according to his own hunches on where the laughs would or should come. The director did not even acknowledge his presence. It was as if he were not there. Fellow technicians strolled over to look at the mechanical laughter, shuddered, and said they were glad they weren't operating it. Is this deliberate act of blindness an external manifestation of an inner guilt shared by all show people? Age-old gods of the theatre are being stirred in their Dionysian tombs. Is it Aristophanes, Terence and Molière who cry out "Unclean!"? Or is this feeling of taint a vestigial superstition unfit for blue-chip jesters.

THE television audience, if sampled, would probably range from ignorant to indifferent to outraged on the laugh machine. Even the top comics, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Steve Allen are laugh-machine addicts, in more reasonable blendings with live laughers. A sociologist or a philosopher could comment profitably on the symbolic meaning of the laugh machine in our contemporary world. Is this merely another harmless variation of the theatre's advancing technology or is there something profoundly serious and disturbing about the dehumanization, for all concerned, of man's ultimate defense against the gods and himself—laughter?

In purely aesthetic terms, however, television's comedians who think they are minimizing their risks by using the laugh machine are really taking the most desperate risk of all. The very essence of true laughter is its spontaneity. It is unmanageable, unpredictable, impervious to control. Even organizational men long in the presence of organizational laughter may come to despise it and to rebel.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Jets Around the World—9: A Money-Spendored Fling

HONG KONG.

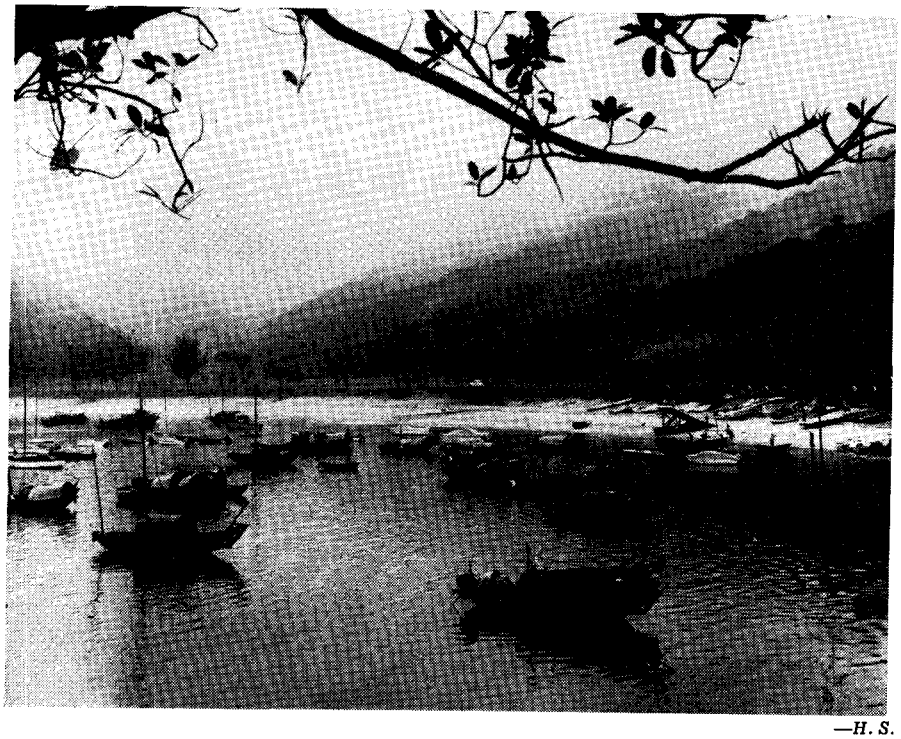
THE Japanese airliner thundered in across the South China Sea, and in their cushioned seats the passengers were peeling off their *happi* coats on loan for the trip, taking off their white socks and lacing up their shoes. They were chomping on Chiclets and refreshing themselves with JAL's hot face towels. Kipling was being disproved. The twain, if ever so briefly, had met. Some travelers were generating a transient breeze with the perfumed fans that are stuck in every seat pocket. But most were leaning forward into the windows, watching the pilot seek out the 8,340-foot finger of land that connects Hong Kong, a flyspeck on the elephantine back of Communist China, with the rest of the world.

For us, coming around the globe by way of Western Europe, Moscow, Soviet Central Asia, India and Southeast Asia, this was, at last, the fun and the frosting. We were carrying bolts of cloth from the bazaars of India and Bangkok; patterns made up in New York for tailors to execute on some Hong Kong back street. We had addresses of artisans who make shoes in a day, suits in three, furniture in a fortnight; places that sell Japanese cameras cheaper than Japan, watches cheaper than Switzerland, British woolens cheaper than Britain.

But Hong Kong proved to be more than merely a mart, and more than just a city. The whole British Crown Colony occupies 391 square miles, of which Hong Kong Island accounts for thirty-two square miles, or ten square miles more than Manhattan. The rest is the city of Kowloon and the New Territories, both on the mainland of China, and both, at the time of the Boxer Rebellion of 1898, leased for ninety-nine years.

HONG Kong Island, viewed from the Kowloon side, rises like a cement and mortar canyon, its tall buildings growing out of the water and mounting the incline until they are lost in the clouds that swoop in low over The Peak. The ferry bustles back and forth every few minutes and there is no bridge. Very likely, the ferry business, being as good as it is, there will never be one. Sailing junks and sampans, freighters and American President's round-the-world liners all share the waterway, materializing out of wisps of fog like ghost ships in an eerie dream-invented sea.

The city called Victoria on the island side pulsates with double-



—*H. S.*

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decker trolley cars and rickshaws and cabs. There is even a sedan chair service for mounting the steep streets. It teems with tailors and business houses, with press bureaus and Thomas Cook and Son, whose office during the noon hour bears the sign, "closed for Tiffin." The U.S. Cultural Center is located on Ice House Street. Handsome apartment houses run up the steep sides of The Peak and get more swanky the higher the address. From their windows and balconies the tenants have marvelous views of Victoria Harbor and Kowloon beyond, but no one has a better vista than the press club, which occupies a high-ceiling home on the heights. On the eve of Chinese New Year's we stood in its garden and watched a twenty-foot string of Chinese firecrackers suspended from its *porte cochère* splutter, pop, and explode in a great rolling barrage that lasted for many minutes, while far below there came flashing answers from ships in the harbor. The cannonading echoed back from the city below and from Kowloon twinkling in the distance across the bay. Here Jennifer Jones and William Holden dawdled over an Oriental romance in "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing," the movie from Han Suyin's book mostly filmed on location in Hong Kong. Its swimming scene was filmed in the home of a Portuguese engineer across the island in Deep Water Bay. The adjoining cove is called Repulse Bay, where, on a commanding site looking down to the beach and across to a string of islands, the Repulse Bay Hotel and the castle of Mr. Yu stand almost side by side. Mr. Yu, so it is said, died at the age of sixty-seven just one year after marrying his thirty-three-year-old wife. As for the Repulse Bay Hotel, it is a large and luxurious house, and with its appointments, its personnel, and its vista, is rather reminiscent of a grand and ever-so-slightly seedy hotel on the Italian lakes. Its ninety rooms are almost all with bath, and all its front bedrooms and suites are air-conditioned, and cost from HK $75 to HK $50 a day. (One U.S. dollar equals HK $5.75.) Its no-view rooms with share-bath are as low as $5 a day.

WITH lunch less than $1.50 U.S. and dinner inside $2, over 1,000 people will drive out to the Repulse Bay Hotel on Sundays for tea, lunch, or buffet dinner. As for its name, it is, according to no less an authority than its Italian *maître d'hôtel,* late of Shanghai, so named because the harbor was once full of pirates until the British sent in a ship and "repulsed them out."

It is an adventure to drive in the night to the city of the fishing people, incredibly called Aberdeen. Thousands of junks and sampans cluster in the water, and show their rotting hulks at low tide, but they are home to many of the 120,000 people who live their whole lives afloat in Hong Kong waters. Sampans paddle diners out to three massive floating restaurants rigged up like permanent carnivals with lanterns, lights, and long strings of fluorescent tubes. The Sea Palace keeps a white tiled barge tied alongside its dining room where the chef's helper will display an assortment that includes rainbow-colored parrot fish, abalone, conch, seven-striped sleepy-eyed garoupas, sea crabs, and blue lobsters.

THE Star Ferry, which plies across Victoria Bay from the Hong Kong Island side to Kowloon, brings you back to mainland China in seven swift minutes. Most of the hotels are in Kowloon, the most famous of which, the Peninsula, is a few blocks from the ferry landing. It is a huge, roomy and comfortable hotel, certainly one of the best in the East. All its rooms are air-conditioned and its lobby floor is a pleasant madhouse of arriving and departing guests, Orientals and Occidentals transacting business, and tourists snatching a hasty breakfast, all attended by white-pajama-clad waiters, padding over the floors in black coolie slippers. Its second floor has a handsome bay-front restaurant that doubles in either Continental or Chinese food with admirable results, and the nearby alcoves are studded with shops, the most important of which is probably Dynasty, whose brocades have found their way into the smart shops and department stores in the U.S. It is a verified fact that a theater coat that sells for $125 at home costs $31 on the premises. It is also one of the few places in Hong Kong where ready-made clothes are available, for here in the haven and the home of tailors it is cheaper and easier to have clothes made to order.

The list of men's tailors is almost endless, there being Jimmy Chen, whose letters in fractured Chinese to his Hollywood friends have brought him a certain renown; the Perkins Brothers in an air-conditioned shop in Kowloon, who call themselves The Happy Tailors and are happy and despite their name, Chinese; and the redoubtable Chan Tuck, who has been in business since 1900 but manages, nonetheless, to keep up to the minute in styling. Miss Chan, the heiress apparent of this venerable and rather unkempt tailor shop on the Hong Kong Island side, makes quite a distinction between the styles worn on

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the East Coast of the United States and those affected in the West. She looked, moreover, with some disdain at a suit I had given her as a guide—it came from Paul Stuart, a reputable, and I had thought until that moment, a handsome haberdashery in Manhattan—while she wondered in audible disbelief whether I really wanted those old-fashioned wide lapels, which were, she assured me, very much out of style.

At Miss Chan's—and I presume the prices are comparable elsewhere in the Colony—the British Warm overcoat, much in vogue in the East these days (it sells for $125 at Stuart's) costs $50 made to measure. A woolen winter suit in Shepherd's Tartan ($255 made to measure at Brooks) came to $41, and a tropical worsted summer suit ran $38, both with Madras linings and three fittings, two of them in my hotel room.

Women's clothes are somewhat trickier and Hong Kong ladies' tailors seem to work best with detailed patterns. Showing them a picture clipped from *Vogue* is not enough. Anyway, some that seem to work well for American tastes are Madame Meredith at Zeepha on Pedder Street, Charlotte Horstmann, on Duddell Street, both in Hong Kong, and Frank Fong on the Kowloon side. As for shoes, we picked up Thai silk in Bangkok and lizard

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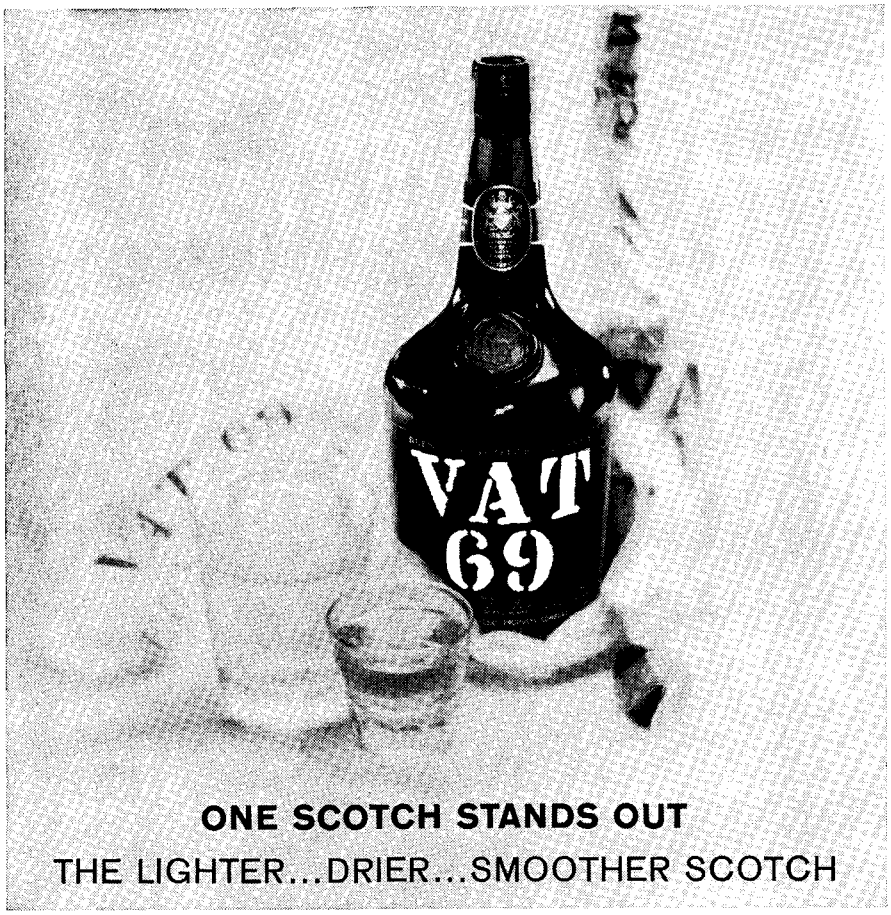

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and snake skins from a strolling merchant in Agra, India, and had them made up at Coronet in the Astor Hotel and at Benny's Co. Ltd. on Cameron Road, Kowloon. The price was the same, $9 a pair handmade, but for workmanship Benny's gets the nod. Shirts are made to measure too, at anywhere from $2.50 to $5 each, complete with monogrammed chop on the breast pocket or the sleeve. Fenwick's is well known for suits and shirts. Except for a few buttons loosely sewn we were happy with the shirts we had stitched up in three days' time at Ascot Chang on Kimberly Road, Kowloon. Huge rattan baskets are available in which to pack all the booty, and all you'll have to worry about then, if you're on your way home by plane, is the overweight. Sea mail takes six weeks. In any case, all "China-like" articles, and that goes for brocades as well, must be accompanied by a certificate of origin guaranteeing that they have been made in the British Crown Colony or on Formosa. No goods manufactured in Communist China may be imported into the U.S. It takes several days to obtain a certificate of origin, so anybody arriving in Hong Kong is well advised to buy now and play later.

SHOPPING in the purely Chinese sectors is rather a different story for here the stores sell snake meat, used in the making of snake and chicken soup, vegetables, sugar cane and ginger from Communist China, and Cal-Crest and Sunkist oranges imported from California. In City Wall, a sector in Kowloon still nominally, anyway, under Chinese Communist jurisdiction, chow dog puppies are a bootlegged delicacy, especially when cooked with garlic and dried bamboo shoots. Eaten only in the cold season, it is said, by practitioners, it tastes like stewed mutton. As for snake, a greenish excretion derived from its innards is mixed with wine to make a drink found to be very flavorful by the Chinese, while reptile meat is warming to the blood. Hong Kong's Chinese population, mostly Cantonese, while delighting in these dishes, cannot quite go along with their northern compatriots who are fond of serving up a live monkey strapped to table legs, the top of his head protruding through a hole in the table. The head of the monkey is cracked with silver spoons, his skull opened and hot water poured on his brains—the *pièce de résistance.*

No visitor to Hong Kong need expect to be exposed to these goodies, even when eating away from the hotels. The local restaurants are many and marvelous, and the other night

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at the Princess Gardens the menu, ordered by old China hand James Robinson of NBC, included Peking duck cut in chunks and wrapped in a sort of *taco,* then dipped in brown sauce, a soup made from the same duck's innards and a dessert of candy-covered apple dropped in cold water to harden, then plucked out again with chopsticks and dipped in sesame seeds.

DRIVING out to the handsome Shatin Heights Hotel, built in 1955, one can dine pleasantly on the terrace looking down the valley to the quiltwork of planted half-acres split by the single track of the Kowloon-Canton Railway that slithers up along the fringes of Tolo Harbor, then through the New Territories to Red China beyond. In the protected harbor the University of Hong Kong has been experimenting with breeding cultured pearls after the technique perfected by Japan's Mikimoto. And the harbor is also used as fishing grounds for the boats that put out from the floating village of Yuen Chow in search of shark.

Farmers till the soil of the New Territories, but still there is room for two golf courses. Hakka women, traditional laborers, plod down the dirt roads carrying a baby strapped to the back and a huge load of straw suspended from a pole. Bones of the dead bleach in jars that stud the hillsides and the villages are purple with the smell of fertilizer. There are walled villages at Nai Wai and Kam Tin and at Castle Peak sits the Dragon Inn, much favored by Chinese who buy fish from the fishing junks that work Castle Peak Bay, and bring their purchases back to the hotel kitchen to be cooked. Besides fish, the junks also bring in refugees from across the border fleeing the Communist utopia at an alarming rate. To house them the Colony has been setting up huge blocks of cement apartment houses on land that has had to be reclaimed from the sea. Once installed the refugees work, making rattan furniture and clothes, textiles, plastics, prams, and metal fittings—even a rickshaw in which you can wheel a child. And from the cement balconies their wash hangs out, suspended like a thousand flags of freedom, flapping over the curbstone card games in the streets below, over the pushcarts full of tangerines big as grapefruits, the ladies getting a sidewalk permanent wave with glue, the apothecaries who sell sea horses that are good for a cold when boiled with water, and frogs, which when preserved in wine while alive prove beneficial for rheumatism.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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FICTION

The Twenty-Four Hour Tragedies

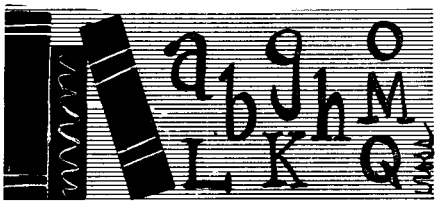
"Four Stories," by Sigrid Undset; *translated by Naomi Walford; (Knopf. 246 pp. $3.75), is a collection of previously unpublished tales, set in Norway early in this century. William Sansom is a novelist and short story writer, whose most recent book, "The Icicle and the Sun," describes life in the Scandinavian countries.*

By William Sansom

WHAT is a little masterpiece? Little in subject, or in quality, or in size? Too often and quite wrongly we drift into the latter assumption. So let us avoid all equivocation and state that these four stories by Sigrid Undset are masterpieces—big ones. Certainly they are big in subject, for they deal with the deepest of human passions, with diurnal and endured tragedy; certainly they are fine in quality, for they are written with a compassionate heart and a deceptively simple-seeming hand; certainly they are not very long—I would say gracefully long, around the fifty-page mark, a very satisfactory length.

Sigrid Undset has that rare ability of bringing you materially into touch with her characters in a few lines with few words, into touch and almost touching. One is reminded of the essence of Joyce of "The Dubliners," or of Katherine Mansfield at her least whimsical. You meet here in immediate intimacy the childless, middle-aged woman who adopts a foster child only to have him and her husband stolen away by the delinquent real mother; you live with the plain, homely office spinster whom nobody will live with, and who thus must create her own world of admirers; you share the hope and the hopelessness of a middle-aged housekeeper in love with her marriageable employer; you enter the life of an elderly man who is a financial failure yet a success in the heart of his humble home life (a happy unmarried father) and depart with him as he leaves on a train going away from all he loves to the only place where he can find bread (arranged for him by his thoughtful, thoughtless, snappily married son). Yet in each of these situations the first fault lies with a weakness or a wanting in the victim of the tragedy, in the human condition itself.

The stories are set in or around Christiania (Oslo) about forty or fifty years ago. The names of places and people are mostly Norwegian, and may tend to color the page with too many formed Nordic associations, with Ibsen and with Strindberg. It would be wise to temper these deceptive shades. Certainly there is drama here, but it is neither high nor sharp: it is quietly insistent, with a true feel of daily life, and the more touching for this. Certainly we are back in a well-known puritan world, well pastorized, simple, and hoping to be efficient—with its complementary world of drink and roaring red lights in the next street, whose echoes are heard with a deaf ear, but whose lusts in-



deed do penetrate the sewing rooms of purity. Yet in these stories such conflicts are treated with a compassionate irony very different from the stormy methods of the dramatists. Here it is as if the lull were *within* the storm. And that seems to me to be right. For when in our lives something unbearable occurs, which must nevertheless be borne, then perhaps the least endurable part of it is that the world must go on, food must be eaten, clocks must tick, the seasons proceed. The sense of time ordinarily passing is in these works most beautifully, subtly, and sparely conveyed: never drearily, but with a proper appreciation.

At times the reader may suspect that this writer is something of a blue stocking who has never come to terms with the black silk stocking—yet she constantly retrieves herself, and one is left with the feeling that she knows all about everything. At only one point does the note of compassion fail: when she gets her teeth into a big, open-air, hearty bully of a woman booming with terrible cheerfulness. Suddenly no sympathy here at all. It is only terribly funny, and malignant, and pitiless. Yet from the pen of a woman whose honesty, tenderness, compassion, and artistry are otherwise deeply moving and of the finest order.

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Train of Thought

***"Cadenza," by Ralph Cusack** (Houghton Mifflin. 223 pp. $3.50), follows the picaresque path of a rakish young man through the haunts of Ireland and France. J. P. Donleavy wrote his own novel, "The Ginger Man," while living in Dublin.*

By J. P. Donleavy

I HAD great difficulty starting to read this book. After a few pages you ask, "Where am I?" And, again, after a few more, "Where am I?" And since no one knows where they are I read on. For a long time, however, we are on a railroad siding in the north of Dublin. With Desmond, I would say, the desperate. And undesperate. Now you're wondering, "What is this?" And I confess to knowing, but almost not knowing. Except that Desmond has come a youngster into the world of big cheats, of doctors who will take a swipe of the knife anywhere upon your person, of the hulking farm giants who put guilty hands to private parts, and of others, who are station attendants, priests, and publicans in France.

One can only say that Ralph Cusack has a giant mind. And has seen enough horror in his time to write several bibles. Of which "Cadenza" may be Book I. Anyway it's the first time I've ever had to put a book down out of fear of going on to find out what's going to happen. Desmond is on the operating table and the surgeon is casually preparing to cut out the wrong lung. Desmond, of course, protested. However, I won't tell you which one they took out.

To those of you who have never sat in a Dublin railway carriage I say you are missing one of the most exciting experiences in the world. Like Desmond drinking wine out of coffins in France. For those who do not understand—in Ireland, by closing the eyes, you are in France and by keeping them closed too long you may open them in Spitzbergen. So Desmond is in the railway carriage, bumping on the rails in the stamping ground north by northeast from Dublin, an area rarely written about before and maybe never again. He has a heart-rending taste for birds, flowers, all sorts of leaves, trees, and music. He is at first an eager horse shooter in the fields, and later, at the race course, a reluctant one, so as to give some greedy betters a chance at big wins.

Then there is Melchi, the Captain, whom he goes to visit on his deathbed—and is late. And while navigating the coffin across waters in an open boat there is a sudden bedlam and—whoops—the Captain in his coffin goes to the bottom. Then Desmond ends up in a most curious whorehouse with fine-fleshed girls.

Another thing that happened was an afternoon with a priest when they were wine-tasting from the various coffins. That particular afternoon was full of musical sounds, and, although it was happening somewhere in France, it was more like an afternoon and night in Dublin, which, if one is not careful, can become, all at once, one's entire youth and middle age. I think, too, Desmond had had a visit to the dentist, which in Ireland is frightening enough, but upon leaving was distantly accosted by a poet of some standing, which is even more frightening. If I know my poets.

ALL round, I think this book is best read while actually in a railway compartment. Perhaps not on the naughty, naughty train that goes from Dublin to Belfast for the natives to bring back heathenish things, but on a train going south to Cork. Certainly the book is mad, just as it's sane. But more like hanging over halfway between life and death, while, however, pouring the peaty preservative distillate down the throat.

One could say this was a great book, a sad book, a bad book—all of which mean nothing. What does mean something is that it's certainly Cusack's book. And the question is not "can the man write?" but "can you read?"

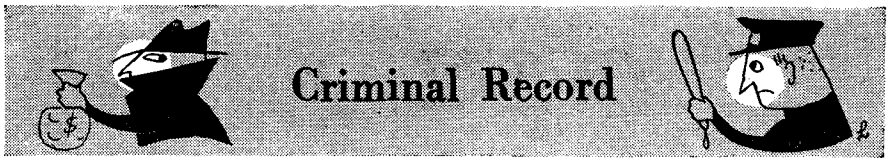
Yanks in Yangtzeland

***"The Typhoon's Eye," by Preston Schoyer** (John Day. 320 pp. $4.50), tells of an American do-gooder who becomes involved in the intrigue of modern Hong Kong. SR's reviewer Robert Payne is himself an old "China hand" and the author of many books, among them, "House in Peking."*

By Robert Payne

ANYONE who writes a novel with a Chinese setting knows he is up against formidable difficulties. In the first place, there is the improbable landscape, unlike any other. Then there are the Chinese, contemplative, headstrong, wildly dramatic, impervious to the normal thought processes of the West, whose lives have formlessness different from ours. The odds against any Westerner describing any group of Chinese with reasonable accuracy are long.

In his new novel Preston Schoyer has very nearly accomplished the impossible. With sympathy and detachment, he has described the impact of a handful of Americans on some assorted Chinese living in Hong Kong. His Americans run the gamut from the severely intellectual Tony Reston—an old China hand, desperately in love with China and therefore already half-Chinese in his approach to the problems of existence—to the silly Caroline Weitzel, who arrives on a



THE MAN WHO WROTE DETECTIVE STORIES. *By J. I. M. Stewart. Norton.* $3.50. You've enjoyed Michael Innes's mystery tales—well, here is Michael Innes *in propria persona* with a quartet of shorts not exactly in the mystery field, though the title yarn (which is exactly half the book) involves two detective-story writers and their connection with an English murder case. Donnish and adroit.

SEE NO EVIL. *By Finlay McDermid. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Joe Jordan and lady friend, peering out of love-nest window, see California cop shot down by buddies; woman pays, too. Perpendicular pronoun persists.

ORDEAL BY INNOCENCE. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Kinfolk aghast when guiltlessness of convicted English youth who died in jail is clearly proved (it means one of survivors must have been killer). Has all the familiar A. C. dexterity, but dialogue is too plentiful.

AS BAD AS I AM. *By William Ard. Rinehart.* $2.95. Manhattan parolee in jam when brother-in-law (crooked cop) is knocked off; show girls, big-wheel lawyer, convincing cops—everybody gets into the act. Something doing every minute.

MY BROTHER'S KILLER. *By Jeremy York. Scribners.* $2.95. Hired London slayer gets wrong man; Chief Superintendent Godwin of Yard looks into problem, but victim's next of kin (and intended corpse) does some good sleuthing on own account. Holds interest nicely. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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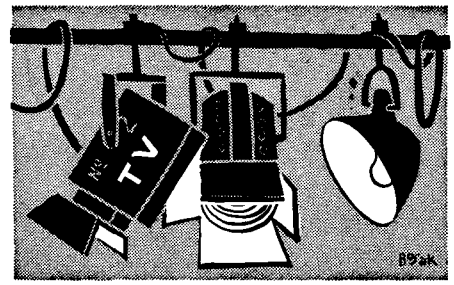
private goodwill mission with $5,000 contributed by the Lake Park Society of Ohio as a gesture "to those many millions of Asians whose old and gracious way of life is threatened by extinction."

Poor Caroline does the best she can. The Communist press smells a rat; Reston is uncomfortable; Mr. Yip, the opium-soaked artist with the dying wife, sees the opportunity of a lifetime; clinics and welfare agencies stampede over the spoils; and soon everyone is helping Caroline to dispense her pathetic contribution to the welfare of Asia. Even when Reston decides that the simplest solution is to take Caroline and her motley group of advisers out on his sloop for a week-end cruise around the islands, she holds her head high. She is, after all, the representative of the humanist tradition of the West, and nothing—not even typhoons and the very real danger of falling into the hands of Chinese Communists—will deflect her from her purpose.

The cruise is something of a trick, for it enables the author to let everyone talk his head off in an atmosphere of vicarious excitement (who will receive the money?) and growing danger. But it is a good trick, and especially successful when it allows us to contemplate the figure of Vicky Lowe, who is Reston's secretary, a young woman with the calm beauty of the northern Chinese. She has a husband in Communist China and she is being plagued by the mysterious extortionist Mr. Huang, who comes straight out of Sax Rohmer; but since the present is catching up with Sax Rohmer it hardly matters. Vicky is amazingly alive, captivating, and delightful, and the author has evidently poured over her all his affection and understanding of the Chinese.

The ending is not perhaps the best,



but it will do. Meanwhile there is excellent talk, a good deal of excitement, and a vivid picture of present-day Hong Kong, as it balances precariously on the edge of China.

HEAVENLY HAVEN: In **"The Fugitives"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), Robert Gutwillig has proved himself to be a writer with an outstanding gift for catching the character, the mood, and the idiom of his contemporaries (young people in their teens and twenties) without being angry, sentimental, or "beat." He also has a delightful inventiveness for offbeat characters and situations and the rather rare gift of being able to say what he wants to in language that is lucid and literate.

"The Fugitives" is about the malaise of the young, their own lack of focus, and sense of personal inadequacy. Most of the action takes place in the Haven, an unconventional sanitarium where no one ever got cured, but whose inhabitants lived in rare peace and harmony. The central character is Stevie Freeman, who has interrupted college to come to the Haven, the only place where he feels he is needed, since there he is allowed to look after others worse off than himself. While at the Haven Stevie has a love affair with a therapist, who has watched her family killed by the Nazis and her marriage destroyed by its momentum.

Stevie is not mad: he is confused, and unable to cope with his mother, his brother, and the rest of the world—with the confusion of Salinger's characters. Like everybody else, he is a fugitive from himself, his responsibilities, and the world. Both he and his family, especially his brother, are extremely likable and affecting people; they try their best, but just can't make connections.

The book is at once entertaining and serious. Mr. Gutwillig has a talent for portraying the young and their relations to each other, as well as an ear for their speech. This is fresh and original writing.

—Nika Standen Hazelton.

P.S. FROM P.G.: P. G. Wodehouse is usually dismissed by serious critics with glib remarks about his "utter lack of significance." His new book, **"A Few Quick Ones"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50)—a collection of short stories written over the last twelve years—suggests the need for a re-evaluation of this great writer.

Is Wodehouse really so insignificant? Does he really have nothing to say about the world we live in? The story "Big Business," for instance, contains a picture of smooth financial cupidity which is far more penetrating than anything in the recent spate of highly touted "business" novels. "The Fat of the Land" treats one of the basic themes of modern literature—money and its effect on character. "Freddy, Oofy, and the Beef Trust" is as apt a comment on the worship of violence in our age as any of Hemingway's prizefighting stories. The truth is, Wodehouse is looking at the same world as his "serious" contemporaries, and he has plenty of perceptive things to say about it.

What alienates the serious critics is not really the "insignificance" of Wodehouse's themes, but his deliberately offhand attitude towards them. He continually seems to say, "Yes, this is a hard world, but why overdramatize it; why not appreciate the absurdity of it?" His is not the gaiety of Pollyanna, but of a man who knows all about human nastiness and has worked out his own way of dealing with it.

So much for Wodehouse's "philosophy." Once aware of it, we can ignore it and enjoy the really significant thing about him, his mysterious gift of spontaneity and individuality. What he creates is strictly his own, thoroughly and unself-consciously imbued with his own personality. He gives us not a comment on life, as lesser writers do, but a kind of life itself, as unique and irreplaceable as a sunset or a Mozart melody.

—James Yaffe.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FROM WRONG TO RIGHT

To misquote a poem's title is as bad as to misquote the poem itself. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, submits incorrect titles frequently assigned to ten familiar poems and asks you to supply the correct titles and the names of the authors. Justice is meted out on page 58.

1. "To Lucasta, On Going to the Wars"
2. "To the Virgins, To Make the Most of Time"
3. "On Arriving at the Age of Twenty-three"
4. "On First Reading Chapman's Homer"
5. "The Love Story of J. Alfred Prufrock"
6. "A Passionate Shepherd to His Love"
7. "To My Coy Mistress"
8. "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"
9. "The Heathen Chinee"
10. "Death of a Hired Man"

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COUNTER COMMUNISM

Between Regimes, the Extremes

***"The House of Secrets," by Gordon Young** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 179 pp. $3.75), claims that, fanned by a Russian émigré group operating from West Germany, revolution is just around the Kremlin corner—a most dangerous allegation, in the opinion of Alexander Dallin, who is associate professor of International Relations at the Russian Institute, Columbia University.*

By Alexander Dallin

THE "house of secrets" of which Gordon Young writes is the West German headquarters of NTS—a Russian émigré group commonly known as the Solidarists. NTS is one of the noisiest and most determined refugee organizations. It is certainly full of able, active, and dedicated men, as the author asserts. Whether his uncritical thriller amounts to the "objective description" that the reader is promised is more than doubtful.

NTS was formed in 1930 in Belgrade among the younger generation of monarchist exiles from Russia. These activists, searching for a new ideology, found their faith in solidarism, a variant of fascist corporatism. NTS publications before and during the war were frankly antidemocratic, derisive of liberalism, outspokenly anti-Semitic, unmistakably authoritarian, and contemptuous of the West. Before the war NTS worked with anti-Soviet groups operating through Poland and Rumania; during the war its men collaborated with the Nazis (to the extent that the Germans would let them: later many of its men were slapped into jails and camps); after the war NTS shifted its "orientation" to the West.

There is no doubt that NTS has distributed subversive leaflets among Red Army men in East Germany (largely through German intermediaries), has been broadcasting to the Soviet Union (ineffectually, in the view of independent observers), has been publishing several periodicals, has tried to propagandize Soviet officials and tourists abroad, and has probably engaged in less publicized intelligence tasks (whose nature and success are unknown to this reviewer). Some NTS men were caught and put on public exhibit in Moscow. Yet, all in all, the image of NTS as a revolutionary general staff sending thousands of couriers across the Iron Curtain, maintaining underground contacts with "molecular cells" of adherents scattered across the Soviet Union, and braintrusting a massive revolt is a caricature whose circulation is due largely to NTS's own publicity endeavors.

Some time ago Constantin Boldyreff, their Washington representative, claimed that NTS had killed Sergei Kirov, Stalin's number two man, in 1934 (which is utter nonsense)—and proceeded to ask for a donation of $100,000,000 to further their work. In 1954 Nikolai Khokhlov was presented to the public as an MVD agent sent from Moscow to kill a leading NTS official, but who had instead gone to work for the Solidarists. He was not fazed by the fact that his autobiography was hard to reconcile with other available evidence, or that medical authorities found no evidence of poison when Khokhlov and his sponsors later claimed that he had been poisoned by Soviet agents. Unfortunately, Mr. Young—an old Reuters hand who has written biographies of Marshal Goering, Aly Khan, and Stalin's heirs—has accepted without particular discrimination some of the stories which the NTS people told him.

Soviet intelligence and propaganda have of course paid close attention to NTS—as they have to other émigré groups. Mr. Young fails to report that, in the view of well-placed officials, NTS has also been the object of Soviet infiltration. Many of its key members have left the organization in disgust. NTS has also an unenviable record of feuds with other political groups. In the process of arrogating for itself the right to "represent" the Russian people, it has (in the words of an American observer) acted "like Bolsheviks with a minus sign": it must dominate all groups it belongs to—or else get out. As a result NTS has failed to make common cause with Radio Liberation and other American-supported endeavors; it has not gotten along with other exile groups (whether they be liberals, social-democrats, or constitutional monarchists). Whatever the intelligence value of NTS, its political isolation is symptomatic of its old-émigré leadership—even though, in the view of some observers, the younger rank-and-file includes many sensible and decent people.

Most dangerous, in this reviewer's view, is the persistent clamor of NTS that an explosive situation exists in Russia, that revolution is around the corner, and that a group such as NTS is the logical heir to the present regime. Both on the temper of the times and on the standing of NTS in Russia today, this is a pernicious misreading of the evidence.

There *is*, no doubt, resistance in the Soviet Union today, but NTS is not its sponsor or guiding spirit. Its ends and its means are not likely to appeal to many people—either in Russia or in the United States.

A LIBERTY PROBLEM: The anti-Communist crusade, which has inspired a half-dozen books of protest and warning, has met no such sweeping condemnation as in **"Rededication to Freedom"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), a forthright indictment by the former research director of the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights. Benjamin Ginzburg states as his thesis that "we should dismantle all the antilibertarian machinery erected to combat the mythical Communist menace in the United States and go back to the Bill of Rights." There is, he maintains, no security problem; there is, on the contrary, a liberty problem. And that problem is a national sickness, induced by false fears.

None of us who have fought the whole tendency to sacrifice our liberties for our presumed security will quarrel with the thesis that we should go back—or forward—to the Bill of

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 826

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 826 will be found in the next issue.

BUT UNLUTAB CDNST

ET SGO CGH KPD

GOHBUNOL, NA BP

GAW NB.

—E. A. MGOZPD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 825

My theory is to enjoy life, but the practice is against it.

—LAMB.

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Rights. We have indeed strayed far from its moorings. But as Reinhold Niebuhr says in a brief preface, the Communist conspiracy was—not is—more dangerous than Mr. Ginzburg assumes. It corrupted many of our unions and private associations by using them to further the interests of the Soviet Union, and it gave grounds for confusing liberals with Communists. Its influence in government, though never more than slight, raised the loyalty issue; in schools and colleges it was disturbing. It has been certainly more than the myth Mr. Ginzburg sees.

Yet I think the thesis sound that the whole machinery of investigation, loyalty-security screenings, oaths, and prosecutions for opinions and associations should be scrapped. They have mushroomed into a vast apparatus of surveillance far beyond the Communists, wholly incompatible with maintaining our liberties. Mr. Ginzburg is correct in resisting all compromise with it; there is no halfway to preserving the Bill of Rights. Either all opinions and associations should be free, Communist included, or we admit the Government's right to label some bad, some good, and to punish the bad.

I am not so sure about the author's contention that there are no sensitive posts in government requiring the test of loyalty to the United States. And I would regard as suspect on the evidence the loyalty of any present Communist Party member. Such a contention strikes me as weakening an otherwise sound case; but, like Mr. Ginzburg, I would not set up a general inquisition to catch a few heretics. President Conant of Harvard once expressed the principle admirably in saying that "Harvard would not knowingly employ or retain any Communist Party member on its faculty, but would not lift a finger to find out if it had one."

While Mr. Ginzburg regards American society as suffering from a sickness rooted in "moral and intellectual lethargy," he does not despair. He cites illness and recovery in our history and thinks we have the stuff in us to recover again. I agree. But I look upon both disease and recovery as inseparable from forces outside our inner national life. If we have responded more hysterically than other democracies to the threats of hot war and the fact of cold war, the dangers are real, and so long as the world remains disrupted and distraught we will unhappily continue off-balance in our fears and conformities. But a reminder of our transgressions so tellingly documented should contribute to shortening the road to democratic liberties. —ROGER BALDWIN.

Books for Young People

—From "The Shepherd's Nosegay."

THE EAGERLY awaited announcement of the winners of the Caldecott and Newbery medals for outstanding contributions to children's books in 1958 was made March 20th in the office of Frederic G. Melcher, donor of the medals.

The Newbery award was given to Elizabeth George Speare for her "Witch of Blackbird Pond" (Houghton Mifflin). Runners-up were Natalie Savage Carlson for "The Family Under the Bridge" (Harper), Meindert DeJong for "Along Came a Dog" (Harper), Francis Kalnay for "Chucaro" (Harcourt, Brace), and William O. Steele for "The Perilous Road" (Harcourt, Brace).

The Caldecott award was given to Barbara Cooney for her illustrations for "Chanticleer and the Fox" (Crowell). Runners-up were Antonio Frasconi for "The House That Jack Built" (Harcourt, Brace), Maurice Sendak for his pictures in "What Do You Say, Dear?" by Sesyle Joslin (Scott), and Taro Yashima for "Umbrella" (Viking).

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, storytelling specialist, The New York Public Library; Marjorie Halderman, supervisor, Public School Libraries, and librarian, High School, Astoria, Oregon; Margaret Mahon, children's librarian, Greenville, S. C., Public Library, and Norma Rathbun, chief, Work with Children, Milwaukee, Wis., Public Library.

FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Coordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

TOO MANY MITTENS. *By Florence and Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard.* $2.75. "If you lost a red mitten we have it." This bright red sign appeared on the front porch of Ned's and Donny's house, and if you looked in the backyard you could see the clothesline strung with more red mittens than you could count. This is a bright little story for the preschool- and primary-age child. Louis Slobodkin's excellent and appealing drawings are a large part of every page and make this book an important addition to his other picture books for children.

—MARJORIE HALDERMAN.

THE LITTLE DINGHY. *By Esphyr Slobodkina. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.50. "No matter what cargo Captain Praffett is carrying, or where he is going, he will find the time to stop by a certain little cove just long enough to blow his horn, and to wave back at a boy who will be waving to him from a sparkling white bobbing little dinghy with the name 'Paul's Little Prue' painted on its side." How Paul met Captain Praffett and came to possess the dinghy is the theme of this nautical story for small boys. The colorful illustrations have the very smell of the sea in them, blending with the text to give a harmonious picture-story book. —MARGARET MAHON.

THE FOG BOAT. *By Lewis Coffin and Manning Long. Illustrated by Gil Miret. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.75. Could you believe that a fog boat might tie up beside a second-storey porch, take aboard a small boy, and sail away among the church steeples and rooftops? That is exactly what happened to Robert when Captain Maginty appeared with his invitation. There are pirates, a mermaid, and a little girl who lives in a lighthouse to complicate the plot of this excellently written fantasy. The misty, eerie quality of the drawings is an important addition to this book. —M. H.

FRIEND AMONG STRANGERS. *By Eleanore M. Jewett. Illustrated by Joan Raysor. Viking.* $2.75. This story for junior high girls is a well-told tale of a ship's cruise through the West Indies and part of South America and the adventures which happened to two teen-age girls and to the boy they had just met. Voodoo and gem-smug-

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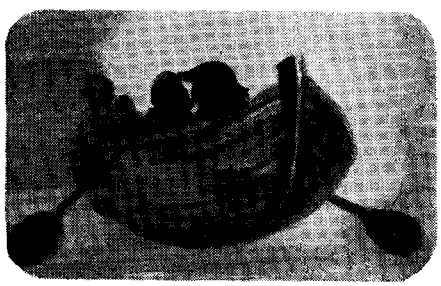
gling add to the excitement. Faith Loring, a Quaker girl, and Anabel Sedler, her rich and unhappy school friend, are well-drawn and believable characters by an author who has many popular books for young people to her credit. —M. H.

BEAUX. *By Evan Commager. Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker. Harper.* $2.75. Chris, teen-aged and dreaming of the time when she will be a woman novelist living unmarried in New York, devotes most of her time and that of her friend Junie to capturing a series of beaux for her beautiful older sister. There is time left, however, to help an innocent man escape from a chain gang, to serve on the home front during World War I, and to emerge as very attractive girls themselves with fantasies of spinisterhood in New York slowly vanishing.

Written as Chris's journal in the early 1900s, this humorous, warm story should be greatly enjoyed by teen-age girls. —Norma Rathbun.

THE TOMB OF THE MAYAN KING. *Written and illustrated by Le Grand. Holt.* $3. José was a descendant of the Mayan chiefs of Mexico, but he lived as a simple shrimp fisherman with his family on the shores of Yucatán. The lad dreamed big dreams of what he could do in the city, of all the opportunities to make money and be a great man that must be found there. This is the story of a proud boy who finds the city unfriendly and cold. The book should appeal to students in junior high school, for the author understands the universal problems of youth and tells his story in an



—From "The Fog Boat."

appealing and honest way. The drawings bring out the humor and the drama found in the text. —M. H.

MOHAWK VALLEY. *By Ronald Welch. Illustrated by William Stobles. Criterion.* $3.50. Teen-age readers of historical fiction will be intrigued by this fast-moving story of pioneer America. Allan Carey, disgraced when he is suspected of cheating at cards, is expelled from Cambridge for having fought a duel. His sympathetic father, realizing that he must be given a chance to prove himself, sends him to America to supervise his lands near Quebec. This is an outstanding book which skilfully combines the talents of a good storyteller with authentic historical background, adventure, and superb character portrayal. —N. R.

THE LOST DISPATCH. *By Donald J. Sobol. Chapter decorations by Anthony Palumbo. Watts.* $2.95. When four Union pickets are killed separately by an unseen Reb, and Sergeant Wade Baxter is standing beside each one, his men dub him a jinx. In order to get rid of him the colonel sends him with a message to the Union Army in Tennessee. Young Wade is captured and has some dangerous adventures before he rejoins his regiment.

This exciting novel of the Civil War is a possible explanation of the unsolved mystery of the lost dispatch that was responsible for giving the victory at Antietam to General McClellan instead of to General Lee, and thus changing the course of the War. A well-written book which will be a welcome addition to the Civil War shelves in our libraries. —M. M.

THE SHEPHERD'S NOSEGAY. *By Parker Fillmore. Edited by Katherine Love. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Harcourt, Brace* $3. Skilfully edited and with illustrations that catch the vigor and fantasy of the folklore of Czechoslovakia and Finland, these eighteen favorite stories culled from four books by Parker Fillmore will be greatly enjoyed by children aged eight to twelve and by the adults who read or tell them. —N. R.

THE FIRST BOOK OF DRAWING. *By Louis Slobodkin. Watts.* $1.95. In a readable, never condescending text, Mr. Slobodkin describes anatomy, perspective, and other technical problems and skilfully illustrates them with his own pictures and examples from other great artists. Readers of this book will not only receive excellent technical advice but will be left with the impression that art is a great deal of fun both for themselves and for Mr. Slobodkin. —N. R.

THE MAN WHO WAS DON QUIXOTE: The Story of Miguel Cervantes. *Written and illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. Editorially assisted by Johanna Johnston. Prentice-Hall.* $3.95. The amazing story of Don Miguel Cervantes, which parallels in spirit and frequently in fact the life of Don Quixote, is recounted in highly readable prose and innumerable black-and-white line drawings. The background of sixteenth-century Spain, with its social customs and intrigues, sets the stage for the narrative of a man who knew poverty, imprisonment, wanderings, brief security and, almost too late, fame. The writing of "The Ingenious Gentleman: Don Quixote de la Mancha" and its sequel occupied the last years of Cervantes's life. The boys and girls who have read of that hero will be especially interested in this biography of his creator. —F. L. S.

CAPTAIN OF THE PLANTER. *By Dorothy Sterling. Illustrated by Ernest Grichlow. Doubleday.* $2.95. Robert Smalls,

—From "Captain of the Planter."

born a slave in Beaufort, S.C., was hired out when only twelve by his master to a friend in Charleston. He remained in this water-front city, where he eventually married, had a family, and became a pilot on the paddle-wheel steamer *The Planter.* Then came the Civil War, Fort Sumter's fall, and Smalls's confiscation of *The Planter* followed by his flight to the Northern forces and to freedom for himself and his family. As a free man he fought and spoke for freedom, and later as a Congressman he served during the Reconstruction period.

Mrs. Sterling has gathered her information for this well-written biography for older boys and girls from old newspapers and books, government records, speeches, and letters, and the recollections of Smalls's family and friends. —Augusta Baker.

FLASHING HARPOONS. *By R. Frank, Jr. Illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrave II. Crowell.* $3. This fact-filled, knowingly illustrated account of the whaling industry vitalizes the drama inherent in a hearty occupation. The daring exploits of strong men as they relentlessly pursue the mighty sea-monster make spine-tingling reading for those of eleven and up. —M. M.

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Are We Right?

Continued from page 15

of life" expressed in our material power as the alternative to Communism. Nothing could be less realistic in countries where the present average annual per capita income is $100 or under. Dogmatic believers in free enterprise as the saving principle in, and an essential feature of, a valid alternative to Communist economics will get nowhere in Asia or an emerging Africa. First, they will have a hard time proving how much free enterprise in the orthodox sense of *laissez faire* economy is left in our land of subsidies, priorities, parity payments, etc. And then they will have an even harder time showing how an American desire for private profit under reasonable conditions of security and success for the investors can finance much of the necessary development in industrially backward lands. (They may even be reminded that Soviet gross national income has a higher annual rate of increase than ours.)

I once heard a spokesman of a great American bank explain to the visiting premier of an industrially underdeveloped country in Africa why he could not expect to get private capital to invest in his country's industrial development except perhaps in extractive industries: oil wells, mines for copper, zinc, tin, etc. No investment company could guarantee to private individuals a probable and safe return on their money, not, at any rate, until much preliminary work had been done to provide roads, schools, and the like.

In this field, like it or not, we all have to be socialists. Most of the original supply of capital must be provided on terms that cannot make it economically attractive to individual investors, but socially invaluable for us all in terms of human progress in peace and the conquest of poverty. It is surely better that this provision should be made as far as possible by a great association of nations in coöperation to one of their number in need of help rather than by a rich nation to a poor, dependent people. Better, that is, if the coöperative idea can be worked out so that every nation contributes, no matter how little, to the common development authority. India and the Arab nations are very poor, but they have some very rich men who should be appropriately taxed for any world development fund. All this points to the U.N. as the ideal agency for establishing a World Development Authority, provided a plan can be worked out for financing it more adequately and equitably than has been the case in most U.N. enterprises.

What makes believers in human freedom and dignity foes of Communism, is not the collectivist economy of Russia, open to searching criticism as that economy is. On the economic side, President Clark Kerr, of the University of California, has said that if catastrophe can be avoided he thinks that evolutionary processes under our modern technology will bring the USA and the USSR nearer together in their economies with a growth of pluralism in the USSR. Granting that Russia is still a totalitarian land, I can testify that the differences between its people's present way of life and what I saw in 1937 are enormous. Even in China, today the most extreme and perhaps most threatening of Communist nations, I suspect that the same evolutionary processes will take place. Its communes, rejected by other Communist nations, will not be immortal. Meanwhile the question for us in the West is the necessity of showing to non-Communist lands a way to do what Communism has not even tried to do; namely, to build up production, and advance sanitation and education without the terrible coercions of the totalitarian state.

In the process not only Washington but Moscow must take account of the ruling passion of nationalism which means national independence but by no means automatically either individual freedom or prosperity. In its extreme form, the nationalism of some ninety nations of extreme variations in size and strength will be the enemy of peace and prosperity. There will have to be federation. Communist intrigue in Iraq makes it clear that Khrushchev wants effective Arabic federation—as opposed to it as an issue against the U.S.—even less than Mr. Dulles. The Big Powers can't manipulate federations as they can manipulate weaker national sovereignties. A rational alternative to Communism, both economically and politically, requires the growth of regional federations and, of course, a strengthening of the U.N.

If that process can go on we can abandon our present somewhat hysterical notion that if Communism, even without external aggression, wins control anywhere in Asia or Africa our own national security is doomed. We want to prevent further progress of Communism by offering an alternative along lines I have suggested. But we are not ruined nor will the Soviet Union be essentially more dangerous to our peace if this one or that of the Asian or African states should go Communist from within—not unless we resort to nuclear war to stop it. We are in a danger from an embittered Communist China excluded from the U.N. far greater than from a China within it. An allegedly common Communist faith hasn't created perfect unity in the Soviet Union, much less between her and Yugoslavia, or Poland, or her great and much feared ally, China. In the present American mood we combine an indiscriminate and unintelligent opposition to Communism as a form of utter diabolism with an occasional exaggerated self-criticism —much of it greatly to the point—as in "The Ugly American"—and exaggerated respect—also much of it to the point—of Soviet skill in interpenetration and the dedication of its agents. That war of annihilation, which will not be automatically prevented by balance of terror, will not be automatically brought about by a further extension of Communism as a social system achieved without military conquest. Far too often Americans act and talk as if the superiority of democracy over Communism is so dubious that it can only be proved by its superior powers of destruction in war. That kind of proof in the final analysis means the doom of our race. We Communists and non-Communists will have to live together or die together, and democracy's hope lies in its persuasive power in a world which has emerged from under the ever threatening cloud of World War III.

Our present lifeline to that kind of peace is woven of four strands: disarmament down to a police level for preserving order within states and between states; disengagement at the points of the world's tension; the strengthening of the U.N. as guarantor of peace; and a coöperative effort in the holy war against desperate poverty. That holy war requires economic not military aid. I have developed my ideas on these essential principles far more fully in my recent book, "The Prerequisites for Peace," than I can in this article. (See page 24.)

Now let us consider the application of these principles to the Berlin crisis. There is no question that we owe an obligation to West Berlin and its gallant people as an outpost and shining example of democracy. We owe it the more because Berlin's present position is so largely the fault of our Western leaders' approach to peace. Our obligation will not be met by any guarantees Khrushchev has yet offered for a free city. We remember Danzig before World War II. Khrushchev's suggestion of a four-power garrison is not satisfactory because it would

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bring back the Russians. But there are various other possible guarantees for a free city, perhaps of all Berlin and not just the West. Khrushchev himself has mentioned the U.N. in connection with this controversy. Obviously Berlin will not be saved by war. Clearly negotiation, to which all Powers have now agreed, on whatever level is necessary, is imperatively in order. Khrushchev has said that he will not carry out his ultimatum concerning the withdrawal of troops by May 27th if there is negotiation. Should such negotiation drag or prove utterly unfruitful the United States should make it perfectly clear that it will appeal to the U.N. before resorting to force to provision its garrison or the city. (It is understood that both garrison and city have very large stockpiles of provisions.) There is small chance that Khrushchev would ignore this appeal.

WHAT he wants is a German peace treaty. The West avowedly wants that only on the basis of reunification of an armed Germany as a member of NATO. Adenauer goes along with the West although for reasons which Ernst Reuter, the great mayor of Berlin at the time of the airlift, explained to me, he wants it as an issue, not a reality. He did not want an accession of Protestant and Socialist strength in his Republic. Now it would seem likely that he, like De Gaulle, may be more interested in the six-nation common market, less, one fears, as a nucleus of European federation than as an enlarged protected area. His refusal to abandon claim to what was German territory east of the Oder-Neisse line before 1945 is evidence of his desire for an issue rather than its solution. Poland will not give up that territory without war; its German inhabitants are mostly well resettled in West Germany, and the German threat forces a somewhat reluctant Poland into the arms of the Russian bear.

All this makes the Western position dangerously absurd. Russia, even if Boris Pasternak were prime minister, would no more permit a rearmed and reunited Germany to join NATO than the West would permit it to join the Warsaw Pact. There is a kind of madness about the willingness of the West to threaten war in order basically to ally itself with a rearmed Germany.

That is indeed no longer a Nazi country. But Krupp and what he symbolizes are emerging in great power. Crass anti-Semitism again raises here and there its ugly head. This is no time to forget that Germany whatever Adenauer's present virtue was the nation primarily—not exclusively—responsible for two world wars.

The only possible conclusion is that reunification must be postponed until the Germans themselves can ultimately work it out—much as Greeks and Turks finally worked out peace in Cyprus. And this they can best do in a demilitarized Central Europe. The chances of growth for freedom in such an area are better, not worse, than if it is armed by rival powers facing each other across barbed wire fences. To this socialists in Britain, West Germany and the U.S. pretty well agree.

The current arguments against disengagement amazingly illustrate the thought barrier to straight thinking on war in the nuclear age to which habit and the great vested interest in armaments contribute. President Eisenhower has ruled out the possibility of land war over Berlin. Yet every considerable argument on the military disadvantages to the West of carefully phased disengagement assumes that we are dealing with a type of war now by admission of the President (and a few days later of General De Gaulle) so obsolete as to be unthinkable.

Hope then lies in the extension of the principle of demilitarization successfully applied in Austria after eight years' delay. We should seek carefully phased and balanced troop withdrawals on both sides. This was proposed in the revised Repacki Plan, offered some days before Khrushchev's demands concerning West Berlin. The West ignored it although the Polish minister would not have dared offer it without Russian consent. Before that some measure of disengagement had more than once been proposed in the West. It would almost automatically protect a free Berlin in which U.N. observers might be stationed. As much room for escape from East Germany and the satellites would be left as there is today, and relative liberation by evolution, or even possibly revolution, in the disarmed satellite areas would be more not less likely than under the present fantastic military arrangements. A German peace treaty, recognizing the de facto Polish boundary should then be concluded on a basis of progressive demilitarization even if it means recognizing the fact—already necessarily recognized in practice—that there is a Communist government in East Germany.

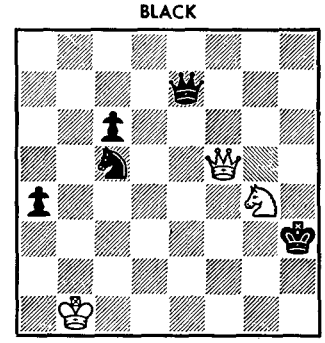
Moreover, this should be consciously done as a first step toward universal disarmament under a strengthened U.N. Let that be done and the Geneva Conference on ending atomic tests would have a far more likely chance of success. We might be put on a high road leading, not without difficulties, to a secure peace. And in that security freedom would acquire new appeal, new meaning, and new vitality.

Chess Corner—13

THE composed ending is an artistic creation. It describes an idea in sharp focus, while it omits or dissembles the extraneous, fringe properties which are not particularly pertinent. True, it doesn't conjure up visions of the mighty paladins of the sixty-four squares attempting to outwit each other. It has no competitive cast. Yet, on balance, it contributes much to the enjoyment of chess.

Look at the one below, for example. White is to win. He is two Pawns behind, but seems to have cornered the enemy King in a mating net. All, however, is not what it seems. The Black King is in a mating net, far, far removed from its present scene of play. Who would believe that to reach the final denouement, White necessarily must part with his Queen?

BLACK



Kubbel

WHITE

White to Play and Win

1 N-K3ch . . . . .

The only move, anticipating all avenues of escape.

1 . . . . . K-N6

In order to survive. If 1 . . . K-R5 2 Q-N4 mate. If 1 . . . K-R7 2 Q-B2ch, K-R6 3 Q-N2ch, K-R5 4 Q-N4 mate.

2 Q-N4ch K-B7

If 2 . . . K-R7 3 Q-N2 mate.

3 Q-B4ch K-K7

Again, if 3 . . . K-N8 Q-N3ch, followed by 5 Q-N2 mate. 3 . . . K-K8 leads to the text position by transposition.

4 Q-B1ch K-Q7

Not 4 . . . KxN; 5 Q-K1ch, followed by 6 QxQ. White should have no trouble winning the ensuing ending.

5 Q-Q1ch K-B6

Again, not 5 . . . KxN for the reason given above.

6 Q-B2ch K-N5

Not 6 . . . K-Q5 7 N-B5ch, forking King and Queen.

7 Q-N2ch N-N6

If 7 . . . K-R4 8 N-B4ch, K-R3 9 Q-N6 mate. The King excursion is coming to an end.

8 Q-R3ch! . . . . .

The stellar point.

8 . . . . . KxQ

On any other move, 9 QxQ.

9 N-B2 mate

There is no significant theme in this ending. The general motif is to reach a smothered mate via a Queen sacrifice, many moves and many squares away from the beginning position. The scheme is well concealed and the final tableau is pleasing to all. —AL HOROWITZ.

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Inarticulate Professor

Continued from page 17

working conditions dribble away into a fog of hypotheses, speculations, and wordage. Then, too the professor can tell himself that he belongs to a service profession, that his calling is to serve others before demanding his own rights. Whether his ability to serve at his best may be frustrated by his lack of necessities is a matter the professor seldom looks into. Since a physician knows that his job is to practice medicine, he never makes hospital beds or empties bedpans. But regularly the professor spends precious time and energy on meaningless mechanics that might better be performed by clerks and administrative staffs. He supposes that if he works hard enough, sticks faithfully to his specialty, and reveres his own idea of professordom, somehow the rest of the world will come around. If only there were something in recorded history to suggest that such a program would work! But even the early Christian martyrs were possessed of no such easy delusion.

Not that professors are mild-mannered wearers of halos. Among themselves they compete with polite viciousness for promotions and plums. If this in-fighting is more wicked than the layman guesses, that is because what goes on within the groves of Academe almost never makes the news. What is lamentable, though, is that it seems not to dawn on the professor that the world beyond his ivied walls is also competitive and that he must be ready and willing to fight in the extra-mural world if he is ever to improve his lot. In fact, the hazy notion that many an academician has of those dynamics in our society that jeopardize higher education is at once ludicrous and pathetic. If the professor wants at least to be respected then he will have to compel respect.

Luckily for themselves, our professors now have a historic opportunity. They have the chance to undo the treason unconsciously committed against their cause when, some generations ago, the public mind was allowed to image our colleges and universities as agencies for dispensing marketable assets. Ever since then, to Americans higher learning has been—as one critic puts it—"a useful commodity which is to be distributed for the personal advantage of the recipients . . . a thing to be paid for rather than worshipped." Of late, however—thanks to sputnik—the public has begun to suspect it might have erred in its disesteem of the Egghead and his works. And once the professor begins to suspect that his own economic plight, his social inconsequence, and the lack of prestige of learning in America are three sides of one and the same problem, his salvation may be at hand. *Provided*: he also recognizes that he lives in a corporate society, in a democracy where the interaction of pressure groups is the accepted and reputable method in the conduct of national affairs. In sum, it is time for the professor to recall a truism he learned from his elementary school textbook in American history: in union there is strength.

The professors are not organized. They may belong to a plethora of specialist societies, but they have never come together in force as college teachers and scholars and scientists. True, the American Association of University Professors does exist. It is a big national organization, with local chapters, varying widely in their strength and efficacy, at many colleges and universities. Quarterly the Association publishes a *Bulletin* in which members discuss among themselves their professional problems, and annually there is a national meeting. The AAUP speaks quietly, and almost never in public. It has a mouth, but no teeth. However right and admirable are its objectives, the only force the Association can exert is that of moral suasion. For instance, when an institution violates academic tenure or academic freedom, the AAUP will, if called upon, investigate; if the institution is found guilty and does not take corrective measures, its name appears in the *Bulletin* along with other "Censured Administrations." Rightly, the onus is put on administrators and governing boards only. But these blacklisted schools suffer very little public odium. The list merely warns the individual job-seeker that at such institutions he must accept dubious dealings in matters of tenure and of academic freedom.

Now is the time for the professors to come together to form an inspirited body comparable in effectiveness to other professional organizations; an organization that can command respect beyond the ivied walls; an organization that addresses itself in clear and audible tones to the general public; an organization that may have a voice in the nation's highest councils on education. Such an association of course could not be a labor union because, unlike, say, a member of the UAW, the professor has no special lever; and he seldom has a particular employer he can strike against. Years ago, Jacques Barzun's recommendation that the professors form a guild went unheeded. Yet there is now no reason why the existing framework of the AAUP could not be so developed.

The first aim of such a guild should be to establish and maintain dignified and intelligent but also forceful public relations. Except as individuals, our professors have never yet taken their case to the American people. They have made no concerted effort to enlighten the public on what professors do, on what they want, and on why they need support. Such a guild might be at least a start toward elevating the status of the profession. Such an organization could also set standards for the preparation of college teachers and of academic researchers, standards for minimum salary schedules and promotions, standards for work loads and working conditions, standards for faculty participation in the administering and governing of our colleges and universities. Possibly such a guild could rank the universities of the nation, not as the accrediting agencies do, but according to standards that enable faculties to do their best work. And wherever legislative lobbying is necessary, the national guild could be on hand to help.

All of this of course calls for a large national staff. The professors will need experts to fight their battles and to look after their needs: fiscal experts, lawyers, liaison men, examiners, public-relations men, organizers. All this costs money. But once the professors understood what their organization was trying to do for them, I should think they would gladly see their annual AAUP dues of $8.00 increased five or ten times. And once their guild proved that it had to be seriously reckoned with, it might get help from interested foundations. Backed by such an organization, the college teaching profession might be able to keep good men

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "To Lucasta, Going to the Wars" (Richard Lovelace). 2. "To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time" (Robert Herrick). 3. "On His Being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three" (John Milton). 4. "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (John Keats). 5. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" (T. S. Eliot). 6. "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love" (Christopher Marlowe). 7. "To His Coy Mistress" (Andrew Marvell). 8. "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (Thomas Gray). 9. "Plain Language from Truthful James" (Bret Harte). 10. "The Death of the Hired Man" (Robert Frost).

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within its ranks and encourage good ones to enter them. The whole point of my proposal is that only by such common action can America's professors get themselves into a situation where they may be able to do their real—and desperately needed—work.

If the professors fail to draw together their forces, they must abandon hope of maintaining their already unsatisfactory status quo. As enrollments increase, so will the professor's work. As his work increases, his efficiency as a teacher will drop; his creativity will be more and more drained; he will have less and less time for his self-development through research and scholarship. Students will have to put up with substandard instructors, with specious makeshifts, with academic gimmicks. As the boa constrictor of finance tightens around the neck of the college president, he will find it impossible to keep down the costs of housing, lighting, feeding, and heating his institution; he will be more and more tempted to economize on the human elements. Economy will be enforced upon students too inexperienced to realize what they are being cheated of. Economy will be enforced upon their teachers because the professor can bend and bend and bend before he breaks. Unlike business failures, the failures of educational institutions do not immediately show up as red figures.

Too often I have known quixotic professors who worry that it is selfish to ask for better pay and working conditions. But the joke now is that the professor will be selfish if he does not ask for these things, if he prefers hugging his old familiar pains to taking action against them.

His nation now needs and seeks leadership in higher learning. If the professor does not meet that need, others less competent will try to meet it. His countrymen are calling for his leadership—not the rhetorical sort we yawn over during commencement speeches, but leadership in his own field, in education itself. Luckily, at the moment—as the dean of one of our great graduate schools has remarked—it so happens that "the private interests of teachers coincides with the public interest of our society as a whole." The professor's stake is the same as that of the free world: not merely the race in missiles, but the preservation of the liberated and vigorous mind of the West. Is the professor capable of action? Can the American scholar still be—in Emerson's phrase—Man Thinking? Has he vision enough to understand his own plight? And courage enough to act?

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JOBS ABROAD FOR TEACHERS, writers, librarians, translators, stenographers, and administrators. Top salaries paid by American and foreign companies, governmental and international organization. How, when and where to apply, $1.00. Included free "Student Opportunities Abroad." Dorf, 186 Covington Lane, Woodbury, N.J.

ARTIST, TEACHING EXPERIENCE, MA fine arts, desires summer position. Will travel. Box H-282.

EXPERT, SENSITIVE SEAMSTRESS to sew exotic antique pillows. Part-time at home (NYC). Write stating experience. Box H-312.

EDUCATED, SINGLE MALE, 27, solvent, desires free-lance writing, research, remuneration secondary. Box H-292.

COCKTAIL CORAL—stunning hors d'oeuvre server. White cluster real coral with 12 colorful shell-tipped picks. $2.50 prepaid. WINNIE-THE-MERMAID, Box 552, Laguna Beach, California.

YALE SOPHOMORE desires interesting summer employment. Travel if possible. Box H-295.

COMPETENT Woman CHURCH MUSICIAN and College music instructor (theory, history, secondary piano, general music) being retired at sixty-two by college regulations seeks church, school or other position. In good health, active, alert, personable. Box H-322.

BROWN JUNIOR, geology major, veteran, commercial pilot, electronics technician. Desires summer employment. Box H-319.

WASHINGTON'S CONTINENTAL ARMY. Beautiful full color uniform prints for home, office, school decor by a world-famous French artist. Amply margined; 10½ x 16; $3 and $5. Illustrated brochure gladly. Fife & Drum, Dept. SR, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

PERSONALS

TWO BACHELORS, 18, seek interesting, remunerative summer employment. Box H-297.

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EDUCATORS', TEACHERS', doctors' and dentists' magazine subscriptions. Mention vocation for free list. Agent, 929 14th Street, Santa Monica, California.

FEMALE, 30, EXPERIENCED PIANIST, wants summer ensemble work. Box H-344.

DESIRE SUMMER TRAVELING EMPLOYMENT, Union *College junior, adept, personable, intelligent.* Box H-298.

AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER, British background, female, would like summer job. Go anywhere, do anything. Box H-310.

OXFORD TRAINED MA, 24, seeks challenging summer work. Box H-325.

MEDICAL STUDENT—Mature, speaks French, Spanish and German fluently. Desires European travel work. Box H-334.

ART TEACHER, experienced, capable, wishes position in private or art school. Box H-324.

COLLEGE SENIOR, camping, nurse's-aid experience, desires summer employment as governess-tutor during European travel. Excellent references. Box H-335.

YOUNG, CULTURED DESIGNER. Extensive knowledge of Europe. Fluent French, German, Swedish, traveling guide. Expenses, small salary. References. Box H-341.

YOUNG WOMAN—versatile, ingenious, personable, humanitarian—needs summer job. References. Box H-337.

MIDDLE AGED LADY, extensive travel experience, bi-linguist—French, attractive, able, cultured—seeks interesting occupation. Best references. Box H-348.

MANHATTAN MALE VACATIONING May Florida share driving same exchange transportation. Box H-347.

DELIGHTFULLY MACABRE DORMITORIES. Exquisite cuisine prepared in archaic surroundings. Low cost of excellent liberal arts program invites comparative shopping by the inquisitive, creative and thrifty. Registrar, Urbana Junior College, Urbana, Ohio.

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ONE INDEPENDENT MIND *seeks guarantee of in*dependent income. Purpose: to work independently, full time, for life, on problems of human survival and maturation. Results not guaranteed. Background scientific, outlook liberal, intelligence high, age 35. Occupation technological research. Income $10,000. Reply Box H-352 for details or offers. No strings will be considered.

TWO "POST GRADS" (MALE) on location in Europe *with professional tape recording and photo equip*ment. Open for assignments June—September. Box H-350.

ON YOUR JULY TRIP ABROAD employ young liberal Presbyterian minister as fourth at bridge, spirit-diet guide, aide. Box H-321.

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SPEECH THERAPIST, M.S., seeking summer tutoring, travel, etc. Box H-351.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, male, 22, desires summer employment. Will travel anywhere. Box H-354.

HERALDIC WOODCARVING—Individually designed, sculptured, polychromed. L. H. Sellers, Radnor, Pennsylvania.

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For Sale

COUNTRY HOME—STUDIO. Huge Combination Living Room/Studio with 7 ft. fireplace. 30 ft. North Light window, 3 bedrooms, bath, kitchen, dining room, garage with shed. Refrigerator, new stove, washer, dryer—forced hot air system. One secluded acre. $20,000—Owner POrter 2-3983, Wilton, Connecticut.

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VERMONT, LARGE OLD HOUSE. Good basic condition; bath, electricity. 35 acres, stream, magnificent view. Isolated but near lake, village. $7,500. Bone, 121 Waverly Place, NYC.

HILLTOP DREAM CHALET retreat, Pawling vicinity. Truly matchless. Breathtaking panorama. Superb construction. Acreage. Three bedrooms. Three fireplaces. Complete seclusion. Details sent. Agent. Box H-91.

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS. Comfortable year-round Colonial on blue Atlantic. Living room, dining room, library, family room, kitchen includes 8 burner stove, refrigerator, deep freeze. Spacious screened porch overlooking surf on rocks. 6 bedrooms, 4½ baths, maids' quarters, 2-car garage, tool shed. Partially furnished. Best residential district, 2 acres. Beach, golf and yacht clubs close by. Forty-five minutes to Boston. Average summer rental $2,500. *Price* $39,900. *Box* H-302.

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For Summer Rental

TWO GUEST HOUSES at one of Tidewater, Virginia's showplaces. Housekeeping facilities, air-conditioning, swimming pool, fishing and hunting in season. Preference given reservation requests with references. Willow Hill Plantation, Spring Grove, Virginia.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—August—Perfect beach house completely equipped. Box H-245.

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COZY LODGE, Stoddard, New Hampshire. 1600' elevation. 175 acres, private woods on Highland Lake. Fish, swim, quiet. Sleeps four. Screened porch, boat, electric kitchen. Furnished $65 week. SPECIAL SEASON RATE. Call evenings FOrdham 4-4937. H. Freedman, 2701 Grand Concourse, New York 68, N.Y.

PRINCETON. Furnished 4 bedroom house, June 20, 2 months, shady grounds, central, New York commuting one hour, $350 per month or $300 if you keep our dog. Kerr, Box 266, Princeton, New Jersey.

COTTAGE. 3 bedrooms in established club Harpswell, Maine. $300 month—meals $25 weekly. Tennis, swimming included. Box H-314.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

ATTRACTIVE, FURNISHED, new house. Four bedrooms. Country—outside Morristown, New Jersey. References appreciated. $300 month. Write: Mrs. Howland Hayes, New Vernon, New Jersey.

KINDERHOOK, NEW YORK. Comfortable old house. Beautiful open country. Children, pets welcome. Saddle horses available. June through September. Box H-307.

50 MINUTES NYC; 16 acre mountain estate; exquisite new "villa" for responsible adult couple; 4½ spacious rooms, 2½ bathrooms; swimming nearby. $2,000. Box H-305.

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SIERRA WRITER'S HAVEN. Furnished cottages. $50 monthly, including utilities. Sky Meadow Ranch, Box 295, Bishop, California.

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UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING PROPERTIES—Hills of southern Vermont, near music festivals, arts, etc. R. J. Fisher, realtor, Brattleboro, Vermont.

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For Rent

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NEED QUIET EAST 60's unfurnished apartment (NYC) under $100. Sensitive, successful writer in ancient lodgings surrounded by neighbors with late raging TV. Sleepless, desperate. Box H-289.

VACATIONS

SPRING, SUMMER on farms and hotels. Welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

SANDY POND LODGE, Hope Valley, R.I., Summer housekeeping rentals. Folder. Box H-84.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Relax by the sea at one of New England's foremost and largest resort hotels. Beautiful grounds, lovely gardens. Exceptional meals. June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

WATERVILLE INN—A complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by the White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. A comfortable inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Folder. Advance reservations. Waterville Valley, Compton P.O., New Hampshire.

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MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

EUROPE NEAR HOME: Continental size bedrooms—old world service—all the usual resort life overlooking the ocean. Formal or informal dining. HOTEL DENNIS, Atlantic City 4-8111.

RELAX—Delightfully un-commercialized lake, mountain region. Weld Inn, Weld, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Sugaring time! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

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GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

VACATIONS

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

HOTEL SANTA PRISCA in dreamy Taxco (Mexico). Overlooking village fountain. Mountain view from your own balcony. Meet artists, writers and just plain nice people. Flowers everywhere. Super food. Modest rates.

TENNIS, FLORIDA KEYS. 4 Clay courts. Located close to oceanfront apartments, etc. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada. From December 1st to May 1st.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

SANCTUARY for the quiet modes of former years, an Island in Time. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Ten miles at sea. Booklet D?

LAKE ARROWHEAD, CALIFORNIA. Combine learning with vacation in informal mountain setting, 2 days or 2 weeks. July 10-15, 1959, Mind and Culture of Asia; August 2-16, The Arts: Past and Present; August 30-September 7, Age of Psychoanalysis. Lectures, discussions, exhibits, films, musical events, recreational facilities. Write University of California Extension, Los Angeles 24, California.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, lovely sea view, shore drives. Drive to summer theaters. Rates from $10 with meals. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

ROBBINS FARM—POCONOS. Modern housekeeping studios. Pools, lakes, natural beauty. Brochure. Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

SUMMER CAMPERS: Enjoy six weeks' adventuring in northern California mountains. Reliable veteran guide. Box 94, Belington, West Virginia.

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ALL THE CHARM of a private residence in the heart of the Adirondacks. Open July 1st to September 8th. Early reservations suggested. Crane Point Lodge, Blue Mt. Lake, New York.

SMALL, QUIETLY COMFORTABLE "CAMP"—fast, rewarding fishing—many pleasant activities—or none—Real Food. Booklet. Russell's, Brookton, Maine.

SUMMER CAMP ON A SAILBOAT. One month in the Virgin Islands, beginning June 23rd. Total expense $500. Ages 13-16. Yacht Renegade, Box 748, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

IDEAL VACATION, 80 acres of lake and woods. Modern American Plan. $50 to $65 per week. Pratt's Lodge. Spooner, Wisconsin.

THE FALES, WILLIAMSTOWN, Massachusetts. Quiet, secluded retreat. Berkshire woodland beauty.

LIKE HEAVENLY HOME-COOKED FOOD? Comfort? Lake swimming? Horses? Companionship or your own sweet way? Apple-Row Inn, Standish, Maine. Folder.

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RUSSIA BY MOTORCOACH. American escorted groups beginning every week in Helsinki or Warsaw for 18-day travel adventure through Russia. $519. Write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

BOUND FOR EUROPE? Space available on Italian flag passenger service Grimaldi Siosa Lines, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC, BOwling Green 9-0962.

TOUR LEADERS. Applications now being accepted for 1960 tour program abroad. Preference given college educators with previous tour leadership experience. Especially desired are college educators who may arrange college credit facilities from their school for their tour participants. The 1960 tour programs will include Europe, Scandinavia, Russia, the Middle East, Africa, Around the World, the Pacific, and South America. Please write Mr. Joseph Ilan, Educational Travel Division, Maupintour, Associates, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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EUROPE. Summer Tours: 38-60 days *in Europe*. Also Youth Tour. $1,045 to $1,375. Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

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AMAZING!! EUROPE . . . $195 . . . That's all it costs for unusual, delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence or Vienna. Full month July or August includes accommodations, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, many other features. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 554 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

WORLD CRUISE—8 months, private yacht. Sail West June 1 via Panama and Suez. Capt. Paul, 3007 Amelia Drive, Jacksonville 7, Florida.

IF YOUR TEENAGER is too old for summer camp, too young for work, interested in new experiences, eager for adventure . . . we have the answer. SCOPE—YOUTH TRAVELS ABROAD, 1959. Intercultural-Coeducational. Travel with young people of many countries. Brochure available. SCOPE—Mrs. Judith Sullivan, 147-07 Charter Road, Jamaica 35, New York. OLympia 7-6685.

THE SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN CAVALCADE highlights our "Autumn Tour of Scandinavia," departing August 18 or 24, returning September 28 or 21, ship or air. Very pleasant time to travel, less crowded. Tremendous displays of all famous Scandinavian arts and crafts: premiere showings of silver, ceramics, furniture, porcelain, etc. "Grand Tour of Europe," including Spain and Portugal, departs August 28 by ship, returns October 22 by air—perfect for retired people. "Arctic Scandinavia to Copenhagen" tour from June 28 or July 5 to August 14 or August 5, ship or air—includes the North Cape and there is an optional 16-day excursion (departing June 12 or 19, ship or air) through Norway's mountain and fjord country prior to joining "Arctic Scandinavia" tour. All tours have first class hotels with private baths. Complete itineraries on request. EUROPEAN TRAVELING SEMINAR, 2475 Virginia Avenue, N.W., Washington 7, D.C.

"OFF THE BEATEN PATH" tours—now in our fifth successful season. This year we visit the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Burma, India, Ceylon and Russia—all in one tour. Tour leader is an expert in Oriental culture, holds an MA degree from Harvard in Chinese-Japanese studies—has lived over 13 years in the Far East and made over 20 trips to all corners of Asia. This tour, fall 1959, should be of utmost interest to those interested in archaeology, anthropology or art history. Write for complete itinerary and brochure to Box H-342.

VISIT FRIENDLY BELGIUM FIRST—Gateway to Europe—land of tradition, fabulous art cities, magnificent beaches, superb cuisine, and all centers within short commuting distance of its capital. Consult your travel agent or Official Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

COZUMEL, MEXICO—New Report tells so much, so entertainingly. Other off-beat islands. Trial Report $2. Islands in the Sun Club, 117 Liberty Street, New York.

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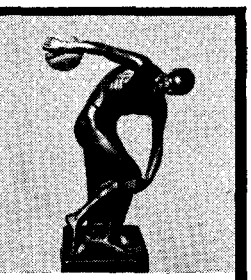
M-806. THE THINKER. Auguste Rodin. Met. Museum of Art. Pair makes unusual bookends. Bronze finish. 9½" high. **8.95**
(shipping, packing, $1.25)

119. VENUS DE MILO. 3-4th Cent. B.C. The Louvre, Paris. 18" high. Marble finish. **14.95**
(shipped express collect)

P-302. CAT. Egyptian, 600-300 B.C. Antiqued bronze finish. 9½" high. **13.50**
(shipping, packing, $1.75)

M-27. CROUCHING FIGURE. Michelangelo. Antiqued green bronze finish. 10" high. **11.95**
(shipping, packing, $1.75)



A-409. DISCUS THROWER. Acropolis, Greece. Marble finish. 17" high. **22.95**
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B-500. HEAD OF BEETHOVEN. Buff finish, black base. 10" high. **13.95**
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P-411. GREEK HEAD (HYGEIA). U. of Penn. Museum. Antiqued marble finish. 11" high. **10.95**
(shipping, packing, $1.75)

N-405. BUST OF BOY. Desiderio de Settignano National Gallery of Art. Marble finish. 11" high. **22.50**
(shipped express collect)

N-406. GIRL'S HEAD. Jean Antoine Houdon. Marble finish. 10½" high. **22.50**
(shipped express collect)

120. APHRODITE (VENUS DE MEDICI). 3rd Cent. B.C. White marble finish. 17" high. **14.95**
(shipped express collect)

P-407. AESCULAPIUS. Roman. U. of Penn. Museum. Antiqued marble finish. 17" high. **26.95**
(shipped express collect)

M-404. RELIEF OF YOUNG GREEK HORSEMAN. 4th Cent B.C. Met. Museum of Art. White marble finish. 18" high. (Wall Hanging.) **11.95**
(shipped express collect)

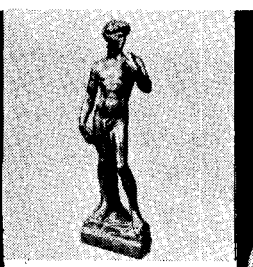
L-203, L-204. CHINESE FIGURES (PAIR). Ming Dynasty. Antiqued green bronze finish. Mathematician and Stenographer. **13.95**
(shipped express collect)

M-808. SLAVE HEAD. Michelangelo. The Louvre. Antiqued marble finish. 15" high. **22.95**
(shipped express collect)

M-801. SAINT FIACRE. 15th Cent. English. Met Museum of Art. White marble finish. 16" high. **11.95**
(shipping, packing, $1.75)

M-201. CHINESE HORSE. Han Dynasty. Met. Museum of Art. Bronze finish. 4" high. **3.25**
(shipping, packing, .50)

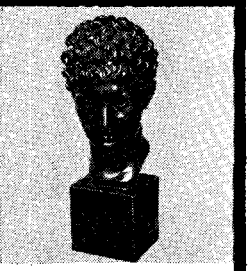
AP-45. FALLING LEAVES. Vincent Glinsky. Mist green finish. 19½" high. **37.50**
(shipped express collect)



F-807. DAVID. Michelangelo. 1504 Florence, Italy. Green bronze finish. 14" high. **11.95**
(shipping, packing, $1.75)

R-414. MOSES. Michelangelo. St. Peter's, Rome. White marble finish. 15" high. **22.95**
(shipped express collect)

R-805. HAND OF GOD. Rodin. Met. Museum of Art. Bronze finish. 16" high. **29.95**
(shipped express collect)



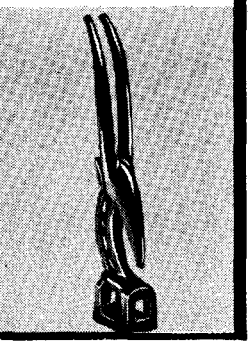
M-410. HERMES. Met. Museum of Art. Bronze finish. 17" high. **17.95**
(shipped express collect)

R-804. THE KISS. Rodin. Original in Paris, France. Bronze finish. 10" high. **18.95**
(shipping, packing, $2.00)

C-313S. QUEEN NEFERTITE. Egyptian, 1400-1300 B.C. Cairo, Egypt. Black finish. 20" high. **26.95**
(shipped express collect)

F-809. ROMAN ATHLETE. 2nd Cent. B.C.-1st Cent. A.D. Antiqued green bronze finish. 15½" high. **11.95**
(shipped express collect)

B-304. EGYPTIAN PRINCESS. 1500-1400 B.C. Berlin Museum. Sandstone finish. 12" high. **18.95**
(shipped express collect)



P-102. TJI WARA. French Sudan. U. of Penn. Museum. Black finish. 25¾" high. **26.95**
(shipped express collect)

LB-1. BALLERINA. Lucien Bernhard. Mist green finish. 18" high. **52.95**
(shipped express collect)

LB-2. TORSO. Lucien Bernhard. Gray finish. 19" high. **29.95**
(shipped express collect)

T-212. T'ANG HORSE. Chinese. Stone finish. 12" high. **29.95**
(shipped express collect)

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F-807	F-809	L-203,204	LB-1	LB-2
M-27	M-201	M-404	M-410	M-801
M-806	M-808	N-405	N-406	P-102
P-302	P-407	P-411	R-414	R-804
R-805	T-212	119	120	

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Mock court held by vagabonds or prisoners in a jail.	145 201 115 131 187 72 87 136
B. From among that other lot (2 wds.).	172 135 112 67 55 83 34
C. Most famous martyred character in U.S. fiction (2 wds.).	192 99 16 198 89 171 60 124
D. British slang for magical, enchanting, charming, most admirable.	1 125 200 183 148 100
E. The Commandment which Coleridge said was "not made for bards."	103 2 88 23 61 64
F. What Herrick said the damned would make, "Upon Julia's Voice" (2 wds.; "Hesperides").	21 204 56 104 164 78 46
G. "Youth had been a . . . hers for so long she could not part with it" (Kipling: "Venus Annodomini"; 2 wds.).	102 117 176 6 128 143 191
H. Unfriendly.	84 146 36 73 12 91
I. Author of the plays "Young Woodley" and "Voice of the Turtle," etc. (contemporary).	196 175 59 134 105 18 22 92 63
J. Supply.	39 49 80 160 130
K. Figuratively, extreme disgust.	205 111 138 97 14 149

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Given names of contemporary English poet, son-in-law of Thomas Mann (2 wds.).	186 167 139 182 48 15 76 32 66 4
M. Influenced; assumed.	170 85 27 168 194 90 79 185
N. Bill demanding immediate payment (2 wds.).	165 197 126 38 155 179 158 107 68 45
O. Member of the Erinyes who acted as the "avenger of murder."	140 109 10 203 19 162 71 74 77
P. Outflow.	153 116 8 7 188 25 159 178
Q. What can exist "without an original" ("Diary of a Nobody"; 2 wds.; look out here!)	26 144 122 152 199 121 81 86 42 157 118
R. That which comes casually; an incidental advantage.	114 129 70 166 29 3 65 132 154
S. Colleague of St. Paul; valuable grass for hay.	13 30 47 35 123 157 119
T. Intensify.	163 24 195 161 5 75 190 181
U. Familiar acetate of salicylic acid.	98 169 40 28 137 11 108
V. The shilling mark, used in early times as a comma or hyphen.	43 57 53 106 173 193 120
W. Guess at the value of.	17 96 156 113 150 44 31 50
X. Said of anything we do not own (2 wds.).	184 20 37 141 177 93 54
Y. Shelley's famous poem, 1818, showing the futility of tyrants.	151 110 82 51 180 94 33 62 69 58
Z. Edh (2 wds.).	189 127 133 174 9 142 95 101 202 52 41

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 D	2 E	3 R	4 L		5 T	6 G	7 P		8 P	9 Z	10 O	11 U	12 H	13 S	14 K	15 L
16 C	17 W		18 I	19 O	20 X	21 F		22 I	23 E	24 T		25 P	26 Q	27 M	28 U	29 R	30 S
31 W	32 L	33 Y	34 B		35 S	36 H		37 X	38 N	39 J		40 U	41 Z	42 Q	43 V	44 W	45 N
46 F		47 S	48 L	49 J		50 W	51 Y	52 Z	53 V	54 X	55 B	56 F		57 V	58 Y		59 I
60 C	61 E		62 Y	63 I		64 E	65 R	66 L	67 B		68 N	69 Y	70 R	71 O	72 A		73 H
74 O		75 T	76 L	77 O	78 F	79 M		80 J	81 Q	82 Y	83 B		84 H	85 M		86 Q	87 A
88 E	89 C	90 M	91 H	92 I	93 X	94 Y	95 Z	96 W	97 K		98 U	99 C	100 D		101 Z	102 G	103 E
	104 F	105 I	106 V	107 N	108 U	109 O	110 Y	111 K	112 B	113 W	114 R	115 A		116 P	117 G	118 Q	
119 S	120 V	121 Q		122 Q	123 S		124 C	125 D	126 N	127 Z	128 G		129 R	130 J		131 A	132 R
133 Z	134 I		135 B	136 A	137 U		138 K	139 L		140 O	141 X		142 Z	143 G	144 Q	145 A	
146 H	147 Q	148 D		149 K		150 W	151 Y	152 Q	153 P	154 R	155 N		156 W	157 S	158 N	159 P	160 J
161 T	162 O		163 T	164 F	165 N		166 R	167 L	168 M	169 U		170 M	171 C		172 B	173 V	174 Z
	175 I	176 G	177 X	178 P	179 N	180 Y	181 T	182 L		183 D	184 X	185 M		186 L	187 A	188 P	189 Z
190 T	191 G	192 C	193 V		194 M	195 T	196 I	197 N	198 C	199 Q	200 D	201 A	202 Z	203 O	204 F	205 K	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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Cactus flowers at Big Bend National Park, Texas

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